LADIES' JOURNAL.

— DEVOTED TO —

LITERATURE, FASHION, DOMESTIC MATTERS, ETC. ETC.

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HINTS FOR THE HOSPITABLE.

Good old-fashioned hospitality, sweet, warm, cordial, worthy of all grateful praise! Thankful are we that it is not yet an extinct virtue; but what with the multifarious engagements of modern life, united to the scarcity and inefficiency of servants in the country and in the cities, to the high rentals which render spare rooms too expensive a luxury for any but the wealthy to enjoy, the numbers of those who "keep open house" are perceptibly decreasing. But it is still not an unknown thing for some family connection, or companion of early days, separated from us by distance, to be invited to make long visits in our homes. For the benefit of such visitors, whose mouths are necessarily closed in their own behalf, we offer our little hints:

First.—No visitor should be invited whose company is not really desired. If we care nothing about Christian sincerity of character, we should at least remember the fact that no one can long sustain a pretence of cordial feeling for an unwelcome guest.

Second.—Having invited our guests, and being really glad to see them, let us not make such a display of our "best china," napery and elaborate *menus* that we shall be obliged either to do a large amount of extra work ourselves, thus defrauding ourselves of our guest's society, or to bring in an additional servant for the occasion, who will be sure to break and spoil more than she costs otherwise. None of these things add to household serenity, and no right-minded guest can be made comfortable and happy when he sees that his hosts are suffering annoyance.

Third.—Let us not make our friends so very "much at home" as to compel them to be witnesses of any family disagreements—if such there unfortunately are—or to conform their likings to our own. If for ourselves we require only coffee and rolls for breakfast, we need not take it for granted that our guest would not like other things if they were provided in such abundance that he would not fancy them destined for himself alone. If we prefer to sleep in unwarmed rooms, we should not compel him to do so. It is an easy matter for him to cool a warm room, if he does not fancy it; but he cannot command a cold one to be warmed for his benefit.

Fourth.—Guests should never be left to take care of or to amuse the children of their host. They may be very fond of children in the abstract, and of some children in particular, but the society of children should be sought by, not inflicted upon, our guests.

Fifth.—While we would not agree with the Spaniard who declares that his house and all that is in it belongs to his guests, we should certainly remember that while a guest is with us his room is sacred to him. If he chooses to spend his entire time therein, we may have our own ideas about his politeness, and may have our mental reservations about inviting the unsociable fellow to come again, but we have no right to intrude upon him unasked. He has also a perfect right to call upon persons whom we do not know, or to receive visits from such persons; though, of course, no guest of good-breeding, or of delicacy of feeling, would wish to receive calls while in the house of another from any person with whom his host did not wish to maintain social relations.

Sixth.—Be merciful. Of course a guest of right feeling will wish in all things to conform to the usages of his host as far as possible, while the courteous host should seek to make them as little burdensone as circumstances will permit. But there are people who seem to have made a set of cast-iron rules about their household matters, to which not only their own family must conform, but also the stranger that is within their gates. We know a family whose head—a man of great wealth, and maintaining a small regiment of servants—had the whim of insisting that every member of his family should appear at the breakfast table at precisely 6 a.m., both winter and summer. One winter he had invited a brother-in-law to make his home with him in New York city while undergoing medical treatment for rheumatism. The poor invalid was not exempted from the laws which governed his host's family, though pain often kept him awake until those early morning hours when, as every person accustomed to observing illness knows, gentle sleep seems just ready to descend and close the weary eyes. At a quarter before the early breakfast hour the poor fellow's crutches were beginning to falter down the long flights from the third story, so that, though often nearly fainting, he never offended his host by arriving later than the moment required. This was endured for one fortnight, when the invalid made the excuse of needing water-cure treatment, that he might be able to leave his host's house without giving offence.

Seventh.—It is never necessary, and seldom desirable, to devote one's entire time to the entertainment of guests. There are homes, charming in all other respects, where a guest is hardly allowed to take proper rest, so anxious are his kind entertainers that he shall see everything. While the different members of the family are taking turns in escorting their visitor, they forget that the physical endurance of one is not equal to that of four or five.

Eighth.—Let us by no means fall into the contrary extreme and neglect our guests. Let us give him every pleasure that we can afford to do without overtasking his strength, but in so doing let us always consult his tastes, which may differ from our own. One man thinks it the greatest of privileges to be allowed to sit before a library fire with a book, while another thinks it "slow" if he does not attend all the places of amusement within reach, or make the acquaintance of all the neighbors.

Ninth.—Let us never forget that the true host invites his guests for their pleasure and advantage more than for his own.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Timely Floral Hints.

FORCING DUTCH BULBS.

For winter and early spring flowers in the window or conservatory, nothing surpasses the various Dutch bulbs. If treated intelligently, they are absolutely sure to bloom profusely, and I know of no other plants which will yield so many and such truly beautiful and fragrant flowers, in return for so small an amount of care as they require.

Any really good potting soil is suitable, but it is well to add considerable sand, if it is not naturally sandy. After potting the bulbs, water thoroughly so that the soil is moistened throughout, then set away in some cool, dark place for a period of six or eight, or more, weeks. This is for the purpose of inducing a strong root growth before the leaves or buds start, and it is absolutely necessary in order to flower the bulbs with any degree of success. It can be accomplished only by keeping them in the dark and at a low temperature—from 40 to 50 degrees. A cold pit is just the place, or, lacking that, a cool cellar or closet. If the pots are completely buried, four inches deep, in sand, a much more even temperature will be sustained and there will be no need of watering except at the time of potting; but if not covered, they must be watched and the soil not allowed to dry out. When the pots are well filled with roots, the leaves will begin to appear, and they must then be brought into the light. They should be given as cool a position as can be commanded, and not set in the full sunshine for the first few days. When the flowers begin to open, water more liberally and keep as cool as possible and they will last much longer. By bringing a few at a time to the light, the period of bloom can be considerably prolonged. This can also be accomplished by potting several lots at intervals of a week or two. Some will naturally start before others and such should be brought to the light first.

HYACINTHS.

Hyacinths may be grown in both earth and glasses filled with water. When grown in the former, press the bulb down into the soil until only the upper fourth is visible. If a paper cone is made and slipped over the leaves when brought to the light both leavep and the flower-spike will grow taller. Hyacinths, growing and blooming in glasses, which can be purchased for the purpose, form most beautiful ornaments for the sitting-room or parlor. The following rules by Wm. Paul, Esq., of London, are so comprehensive that we reproduce them for the benefit of our readers:

1. If you choose your own bulbs, look for weight as well as size; be sure also that the base of the bulb is sound.
2. Use the single kinds only, because they are earlier, hardier, and generally preferable for glasses.
3. Set the bulb in the glass so that the lower end is almost, but not quite, in contact with the water.
4. Use rain or pond water.
5. Do not change the water, but keep a small lump of charcoal at the bottom of the glass.
6. Fill up the glasses with water, as the level sinks by the feeding of the roots and by evaporation.
7. When the bulb is placed, put the glass in a cool dark cupboard, or in any place where light is excluded, there to remain for about six weeks, as the roots feed more freely in the dark.
8. When the roots are fully developed, and the flower-spike is pushing into life (which will be in about six weeks), remove by degrees to full light and air.

The more light and air given from the time the flowers show colors, the shorter will be the leaves and spike, and the brighter the colors of the flowers.

How to Measure for Patterns.

In taking measurements for patterns hold the tape measure easily, neither loose nor tight. Wraps jackets, sleeves, basques, in fact all body garments, are selected by the bust measure, which is taken just above the fullest part of the figure, and high up under the arms. Measure always over the dress. Measure, for a skirt over the dress and around the waist line.

Give both the bust and waist measure, and age of children, as sometimes they are too large or small for their age, and the number of inches around the burt or waist is then a better guide. Always measuse over a close-fitting garment. Inch-wide seams are allowed on the shoulder and under-arm seams, as the chief alterations will be made there. All seams are allowed for in the patterns, thus materially aiding the dressmaker.

If you lengthen a sleeve, do it equally at the top and bottom, so as to keep the elbows correct. If the skirt fits around the waist, by which measure it is sold, and seems short, lengthen it at the bottom. Hold the pattern up to the wearer, and thus get an idea of the fit before cutting the goods, though our patterns fully deserve their tittle of "perfect fitting," and can hardly fail in their mission.

To Have Eggs in Winter.

It is best to have some old hens as well as pullets in the fall, that the egg basket may not be empty at any time. There are only a few breeds of pullets that lay well in the fall, and then they are not to be depended upon for early sitters. As the market value of broilers depends upon the time when they are offered for sale, three or four weeks in the spring will make a very great difference in the income, and old hens are much more likely to sit early than young ones.

To have plenty of eggs in the winter, the fowls must have a warm, dry house, and as much sunshine as possible. They must be kept clean, and fed regularly with appropriate food. Some persons have much to say against corn as food for fowls; but I have made many experiments, and my experience goes to prove that it is the most valuable of all available grains, but that oats should be given occasionally to furnish variety. Give part of the corn without shelling it, that the hens may have something to do. Parch the corn, sometimes, and give it to them while it is warm; this is especially good for the coldest weather, and may be fed to them every day for a week.

Many poultry raisers neglect in winter to give the fowls something to supply the place of the worms and insects they find in summer. Uncooked meat must be fed, and burnt bones or ground bones given that they may have material for egg shells. If you have no machine for grinding bones, you can easily pound them fine on a flat stone. It is a cheap food, and hens that are given plenty of it never wait until eggs are cheap before beginning to lay.

If you are troubled with lice, go to a cigar manufacturer's and get refuse stems of the tobacco plant which they will gladly give you. Spread the stems around the henhouse and in the nests. A few ought always to be put under sitting hens. This is a cheap remedy for lice, is not troublesome to use and will be found certain and effectual.

Fowls that are cared for properly, and are not allowed to drink impure water are not likely to be troubled with cholera. It is a good plan to add a few drops of carbolic acid to their drinking water once in a while, as it acts as a preventive to disease.

There is some danger of hens becoming too fat, but more of their becoming too poor. A thin, shivering hen will not help to replenish the egg basket.

A Veiled Author.

"Who is 'The Duchess'?" is a question often asked by the thousands who read the novels of this remarkably popular writer. And perhaps never has a nom de plume more completely screened the identity of its owner. "The Duchess" is really Mrs. Margaret Hungerford, residing in a home of comfort and beauty in Ireland's famous county, Cork. She is an industrious woman, and writes a complete novel with more ease than many of us would exercise in writing a short article. She is domestic in her nature, and dislikes to talk about her work. Her modesty is proverbial among her friends, and many of her neighbors in the little Irish town where she lives are ignorant of the fact that "Madame Hungerford" as they call her, is the author of the novels that lie on their tables. She rarely associates her personal self with her literary nom de plume in her correspondence with friends or strangers. The Authoress, in years, is past middle age, but retains a youthful appearance. She is fond of children, and their little characteristics are often incorporated in her stories as she sits writing at her window, watching them at their play on the lawn beneath. It is estimated that more copies of her novels have been sold than of those of any living writer. Any new story by her is always sure of a wide reading on both sides of the sea. Of what is generally regarded as her most popular story "Phyllis," more than a quarter of a million copies have been sold. Her literary work brings her a neat income, enabling her to live in comfort. She has been twice married, her present domestic relations being of the happiest nature.

A Bad Practice.

I know both men and women who are very free to talk over their household affairs with outsiders; it is a practice I do not believe in. Another thing I have observed is that men are not so particular as they should be about the language they use before children. I think parents can not be too nice in that respect, and that mothers should insist on the husband's talking decently before the little ones, if at no other time. How many of the parents make a practice of telling frightful stories to the children? I can remember how frightened I used to be after hearing ghost stories. I would be afraid to go from one room to another after dark, and I would cover my face with the bedclothes when I went to bed for fear I should see something awful. By the way, I must tell the sisters that I, too, have some city cousins. One of them is an affected young girl who wondered "why the hens laughed so," when she heard them cackle!—[S. A. M.,

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Believe in Yourself.

During the construction of that marvel, the new cantilever bridge over the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, a young, raw country boy applied for employment.

"What can you do?" asked the master mechanic.

"I do not know as I can do anything," was the reply.

The large head dropped on his broad breast, while the full, handsome blue eyes were cast down in extreme bashfulness.

"You look like a young giant," said the master, studying him with a covetous gaze. "But a man must have some faith in himself to work two hundred feet up in the air here on this spider's web What makes you think you want to be a bridge builder?"

"I don't know, sir," said George. "But the fact is, I am the oldest child. Father's farm, over here in Ulster County, is sold for the mortgage; he is renting it, he is half sick. Mother, sir—God bless her! she encourged me to apply here. She says I have the stuff in me to strike out for myself and do something she'll be proud of."

George was employed. Within a week he fell fifty feet and was carried home with a shocking hurt from which he did not recover till the next spring.

One April morning George's mother came out to the lot where George was planting corn, and said, as she called him to the fence and laid her hand lovingly on his shoulder

"George, my own, my eldest, you must go back to the bridge. I have been praying over it ever since you were restored. God is in it. You have a career before you. Remember that mother believes in you, when I say that I think it is the same as if God said to you, 'I, your Creator, believe in you.' Then, George, you ought to believe in yourself. Do you not see?"

The noble woman, and the very wise woman that she was, too, got her boy down by the stone wall there, and talked to him a long while in the same vein. It cost her very close-heart-searching, that she might be sure of her own judgment, for she was sending her first-born back to a perilous though grand opportunity. She had, however, studied her child well; she was no ordinary woman; her faith in God and her own careful judgment was very unusual and very confident.

Under her influence George awoke to himself. Within three days he was back again on the works. On the afternoon of May 2, just two weeks later, George was engaged on the lower chord, or lever, of the bridge. A thunder-storm was sweeping over from the Catskill Mountains. Winds are the most dangerous foes of bridge-builders. Scarcely less dangerous is wet weather, as it renders the iron slippery to the hands and legs of the workmen; they coil their legs about the braces, trusses, and chords, clutching with the calf of the leg, the strong under thigh muscles, and the toes. As the black masses of wind-cloud marched nearer, the men bent every muscle to secure the long and heavy bar of steel, weighing many tons, which was swinging free at the lower end. It was in vain. The first gust of the tornado sent every workman clambering up for dear life to the top chord. No wonder, for the unsecured cantilever projected over the black river at a height of fully one hundred and seventy-five feet.

"George Blank!" roared the master mechanic, "go down with me. If we don't guy that it will cause the destruction of the whole span!"

The men stood aghast. Yet they realized that nothing else could save the span, and indeed, all their lives. George Blank, however, was the only man who had been asked to go. He stared a moment at his superior in silent dismay. To clutch that wet steel and attempt to slide down on the gigantic pendulum seemed fatal, But already the master was himself springing forward, a coil of hawser round his shoulders.

"I thought," George tells it. "that I heard my mother saying," I believe in you and God believes in you!" In a flash I was as cool as if I stood on the ground. How I did it I don't know. I only know I went first; that my legs held their grip; that we got the lever fast just as the big wind struck us. But how I got up again in that gale I never knew."

To-day that young man is himself a master of construction in the employ of one the largest firms of iron-workers in the world, Faith saved him. George often relates this story as an illustration of one side of faith:

"Our Heavenly Father believes in us; believes we can live to please Him. That at least makes me believe in my better self. I will be worthy of the faith of my mother and my God."

One of the most difficult things to do for a certain type of young lives, is to get them to believe in themselves. The great and really capable youthful nature has often not yet waked up. The boy reads of the achievements of genius, and exclaims, "That's grand!" But he does not dream that he, too, has the hidden power to do the same. The elder Vanderbuilt did not dream of his powers when pulling at the Staten Island ferry-boat oars, but the genius of the great New York Central system was there all the while. Generally such boys can never be waked up, for that matter, by any one else. It needs poverty, stern necessity, a shock of accident, to rouse them. As a rule, such men have no one to thank for their walking up. Cruel nature wakes them. They are caught somewhere in peril of life, and to their own surprise they find that they can do the impossible. It is because they must. They are more astonished by what is in them than even their neighbors and friends. This was true of Patrick Henry and of General Grant.

Yet, on the other hand, it is often possible for a wise and careful mother to perceive what is in the silent undeveloped boy. As the mother-bird flirts out her fledgling, so do some mothers, among the poor especially, throw out the lad, as did this Ulster County woman. It is love, disguised as cruelty. The rich woman's son might far oftener "amount to something" did she not pamper him; she so often says, "Oh he is nothing but a child!" Alas! she kills his spirit with velvet.

Let no indulgent parent make you such a slave, my young reader. You can do that which you are always dreaming of. You were born for it. You ought to be pitched out into it at any cost, and given to understand that it was sink or swim with you. Remember that, if the Creator had not know that you were worth making, he would not have made you. Now think as much of yourself as your God does of you.—[N. Y. Weekly.

WASHING DAY—AN UNWILLING SUBJECT.

OUR PICTURE.

Our engraving this month is particularly pleasing. The little maid, full of the importance of her work, has been engaged in washing both dolly and its clothes. Having by a lavish use of soap, which is rapidly dissolving in the bottom of the tub, succeeded in producing a splendid suds, she conceives the idea of using it upon the head of Freddie, her playmate. He is imperiously ordered to desist from his occupation of making mud pies and compelled to submit to the trying ordeal which the picture so graphically depicts. How early in life he renders obedience to her who will doubtless some day rule him even more tyrannically.

Nothing like Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum, for allaying thirst, and keeping the mouth moist. Try it. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners, 5 cents.

FIG. 25.—No. 4164.—Ladies' Costume. Price 35 cents

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide for) 32, 34, 36 inches, 14 yards; 38, 40 inches, 15 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 32, 34, 36 inches, 7 yards; 38, 40 inches, 7½ yards.

If made of material illustrated, 4 yards of 42-inch material, 3¾ yards of satin, 2¼ yards of brocaded velvet, 1⅛ yards of plain velvet, and 4 ornaments will be required for each size.

A Lady's Bedroom.

The bedroom of a woman ought, first of all, to be restful; it wants to have lounges, cushions, and chairs that hold open their arms and invite you to come in and repose. The bed doesn't want to be in the middle of the room, and it doesn't want to look so dreary that you feel as if you would like your husband to turn Mormon, and let you have two or three of the wives to sleep with you, so that you wouldn't dream of spooks and wake up in a cold chill. The prettiest bedroom I know has a wonderful Chippendale bed in it; this stands against the wall, and from the canopy top fall curtains of bolting cloth embroidered; those at the top have poppies upon them, that sleep may come to the eyes, while those at the foot are radiant with morning glories, inviting the sleeper to awake and see the sun. Inside the canopy is lined with rose-colored silk, and so is the part at the back, against which is hung a lovely picture, on ivory, of the Virgin Mary. The bed is dressed in white; the sheets, the finest of linen, are hemstitched by hand, and have a monogram embroidered in white upon each. The outer spread is also of linen decorated in the most elaborate manner in drawn work, and trimmed with Irish lace. When the cold weather comes a rose pink quilt of eider down is used, and when Jack Frost is drawing etchings on the window panes a spread of sable or one of white fox gives greater warmth. At the foot of the bed is the little lounge that matches it; this is upholstered in white brocade, with pink roses upon it, and pillows of pink and gold and white and pale green are piled up in one corner. The room itself is full of comfortable chairs; the dressing table has, besides all its silver belongings, evidence that the room is lived in, for here is a hastily written note, there a couple of photographs, and with a ribbon marker in it, is the last new French novel. The small "in case" table is pushed up to the bed at night, and on the silver tray is a taper with its matches, a Dresden plate with some fruit, a jug of water, one of claret, and two or three dainty cut glasses.

Coming Home to Tea.

The fire is burning gaily,
The kettle sings its best;
All things are bright and cheerful
Here in our sweet home nest,
There's nothing now, my baby,
To do for you and me,
But just to watch for some-one
Coming home to tea.

We'll take our cozy places
Here in the window seat,
Where he'll be sure to spy us
Far down the chilly street
He says it makes him warmer,
O Baby, just to see
The roof that we are under
When coming home to tea.

In all the land, my darling,
He says—and true it is—
There's not another baby
That's half so sweet as his;
And then—but this is nonsense,
And just to make me laugh—
He knows there's not another wife
That's even half-of-half.

Now think what he'll be bringing
To us to-night, my pet;
A cheery smile, for one thing,
That never failed us yet;
A merry word of greeting,
And kisses two and three:
For that's the way our some-one
Comes always home to tea.

But there are those my darling,
Aye, on this very street,
Whose ears have lost the music
Of homeward hast'ning feet.
Oh pity and remember
How happy we should be,
To have some one to watch for,
Coming home to tea!

Cara W. Bronson.

A Lesson in Roasting.

And now for the lesson in roasting. Suppose we talk a calf's heart, and make a dish which for economy and delicacy is not half well enough known, although it will be after a few hundred more girls have learned how to prepare it. You must wash the heart thoroughly in cold water, to remove the blood, and cut out the veins and arteries. This may not be a pleasant task to every one, still it is no more unpleasant than preparing fowls or game. Make a stuffing with one tablespoonful of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped onions, one saltspoonful of powdered sage, one-half a saltspoonful of salt, and a tiny bit of pepper. This you may moisten with milk or water. After it is prepared put it into the cavity caused by the removal of the arteries, and sew the edges together. Slice an onion and brown it in a tablespoonful of clarified dripping; skim out the pieces of onion, reserving them for use, brown the heart in the seasoned fat, then put it with the onion in a deep dish, and half cover with boiling water. Bake in a hot oven one hour, basting every ten minutes, add more water if necessary. When the heart is done you may make a gravy by thickening the water that is left in the dish with a little flour wet in cold water, just as you did in the mutton gravy. You will find this a very nice occasional dish for dinner, and a very inexpensive one.

The latest novelties in paper-knives are slips of tortoise shell or ivory, with a mouse or a frog or a fox in silver perched on one end. The animals are well modelled, and are big enough to give the hand all the purchase needed.

FIG. 47—No 4463.—Girl's Dress. Price 20 cents.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 5 years, 6 1-2 yards; 6 years, 7 yards, 7 years, 7 1-2 yards; 8 years, 8 yards; 9 years, 8 1-4 yards; 10 years 4 1-4 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 1 1-4 yards; of 42-inch material, 2 yards of silk and 1-4 of a yard of velvet will be required to make the medium size.

FIG. 27.—No. 4459.—Ladies' Basque. Price 25 cents.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 32 inches, 4 yards; 34 inches, 4¼ yards; 36 inches, 4½ yards; 38 inches, 4¾ yards; 40 inches, 5 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 32 inches, 2 yards; 34 inches, 2⅛ yards; 36 inches, 2¼ yards; 38 inches, 2⅜ yards; 40 inches, 2½ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 1⅝ yards of 42-inch material, 2 yards of silk will be required to make the medium size.

No. 4460.—Ladies' Trimmed Skirt. Price 30 cents.

This design cuts from 22 to 32 inches, waist measure, and the quantity of material required for each size of 21-inch goods, 10 yards, or 42-inch goods, 5 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 3¾ yards of 42-inch material, 2⅝ yards of silk, 1 yard of fringe, and 6 yards of silk binding will be required for each size.

A Proposition in Physics.

The husband of a professor of physics at a "young ladies'" advanced school was putting on his clothes the other morning, and his wife was lecturing on her favorite subject.

"The whole is always greater than a part," she remarked with confidence.

"Always?" he inquired, sticking his foot into his sock.

"Always," she answered with emphasis.

"I think not," he rejoined in a quietly aggravating tone.

"But I say it is," she asseverated.

"For example, my dear"—and he held up his foot—"my foot is a part of my body, but the hole in the sock is not larger than the part. You will observe that the part cannot get quite through it at this moment. But, my love," and his voice softened, "by to-night I think your proposition will be correct."

Then he put on his shoes and completed his toilet in the midst of a silence that could be bent double before it could be broken.

Some of the new English freaks in table decoration are almost incredibly tasteless. Boxes imitating battle axes, helmets, spears, and keys are made the receptacles for blossoms, and ribbons of frosted gauze are used to hold the stems together. The helmets would be tolerable at a military dinner, but elsewhere they are absurd. Why not use a silk hat for a flower vase?

Fig. 28.—No. 4405.—Ladies' Princesse Costume. Price 35 cents.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 32 inches, 6 yards; 34 inches, 6¼ yards; 38 inches, 6 1-4 yards; 40 inches, 6 7-8 yards; 42 inches, 7 1-4 yards.

Quantity of Material (54 inches wide) for 32 inches, 5 1-2 yards; 34 inches, 5 3-4 yards; 36 inches, 6 1-8 yards; 38 inches, 6 1-4 yards; 40 inches, 6 7-8 yards; 42 inches, 6 1-2 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 3 1-2 yards of 54-inch light material, 2 1-4 yards of 54-inch dark material, 2 3-4 yards of passementerie, and 2 yards of ribbon will be required to make the medium size.

Women's Work.

A contemporary suggests a society for lightening the burdens of women who have houses to keep in order, and says:

Does the shoemaker try to lighten women's work by sewing the buttons on honestly, or "tipping" the footwear with honest leather? Does the tailor who makes the pants with his boasted benevolence of "double knees" ever put them on the right place or large enough? Does the carpenter ever put the nails and hooks where a medium-sized woman, let alone a child, can reach them?

Is there ever but the fewest possible shelves that a woman can reach without standing on a chair, at the risk of breaking her back?

It is a very little thing to have no water-back to a stove, so a man thinks; but to a wife-of-all-work it is — well, there is no word strong enough to express the trouble it causes. A sink on a level, with cold water, is not an easy thing to keep clean. Why not make a little decline? Also bring the zinc over the edges somewhat. The continued settling of grease in the fine cracks or interstices is very trying to a delicate-stomached woman.

The bureau drawers that never open or shut without a trial of temper, why cannot they be made to run smoothly?

It should be declared a punishable offence to make a window that cannot be brought in to clean.

Men invented all these awkward and inconvenient things, and men made them, and they are responsible for the brokendown, haggard-looking women we see on the streets, or rather in the houses.

For indigestion or dyspepsia, Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum, is recommended by R. Ogden Doremus, M. D., LL.D., and Dr. Cyrus Edson. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners, 5 cents.

A True Wife.

It is not to sweep the house, make the beds, darn the socks and cook the meals chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, a servant can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cake she has made; send him to inspect the needlework and bed-making; or put a broom in her hand and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quickly look after them. But what the true young man wants with a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a wife to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortunes; he meets with failures and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some hard battles to fight with poverty, enemies and sin, and he needs a woman that when he puts his arm around her, he feels he has something to fight for; she will help him to fight; she will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart inspiration. All through life, through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and through favoring winds, man needs a woman's love

Happy Children's Home.

To all children home should be the happiest place in the world; the nurse should be a person of cheerful, sunny disposition, strong and active, as there is a great deal of hard work attending the care of a little child; and, while the mother should always remain head nurse, the assistant should be a vigorous person. Do not allow nurse or any one else to terrorize your children with stories of any kind that will cling to them and make their nights a torment. It is useless to make them afraid of any of the domestic animals by telling them that everything will "bite." If a child is naturally nervous, it can be better controlled by a little judicious indulgence than by denial.

Little pleasures should be provided for them and the pleasure of anticipation given them. It will not hurt your carpets to have a few chalk rings on them, and any little boy would enjoy a game of marbles with papa or mamma even better than with the boys down the street that you do not want him to associate with. Play with your children sometimes; it will draw you nearer to them and keep you young. Spend less time on their clothes and more on their sweet selves. The day will come only too soon when you can sit down with your tidied house and they are all away.

Fig. 46.—No. 4458.—Misses' Dress. Price 25 cents.

Quantity of Material (36 inches wide) for 10 years, 4 yards; 11 years, 4 1-4 yards; 12 years, 4 3-8 yards; 13 years, 4 1-2 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 3 1-4 yards of 36-inch material, 2 yards of 27-inch plush, and 5 yards of plush ribbon will be required to make the medium size.

Fig. 26—No. 4461—Ladies' Basque. Price 25 cents.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 32, 34 inches, 4¼ yards; 36, 38 inches, 4½ yards; 40 inches, 4¾ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 32, 34 inches 2 1-8 yards; 36, 38 inches, 2 1-4 yards; 40 inches 2 3-8 yards

If made of material illustrated, 2 3-4 yards of 42-inch material, 1 yard of silk for sleeves, 7-8 of a yard of fringe, and 4 yards of narrow braid will be required for medium size.

No. 4462.—Ladies' Trimmed Skirt. Price 30 cents.

This design cuts from 22 to 32 inches waist measure, and the quantity of material required for each size, of 21-inch goods, 10 yards or 42-inch goods, 5 yards. If made of materials illustrated, 3 3-4 yards of 42-inch material, 3 1-2 yards of silk, and 2 pieces of braid will be required for each size.

History for Children.

Much more attention is paid to the study of history in our common schools than was given to it twenty years ago. This is right. Too much cannot be taught the children of the principles of our government, the duties of its principal officers, the history of its formation and of its struggles, and, in an impartial way, the main points of difference between the principal political parties. All this will tend to make more patriotic and better citizens, as well as wise and intelligent voters. But while much attention is given to the past, current events of state, national or world-wide importance are often overlooked. Some teachers use a daily newspaper in their schools, with the best results. Short lessons in events of the present are given two or three times a week. The most important of these are discussed as to cause and result. If it is something occurring in a foreign land, maps are consulted, and the exact place located. Then each one is requested to find out all he can about the place, and the manners, and customs of the people. One who has never tried this would be surprised at the interest awakened and the information that will be collected in a short time.

How to cure indigestion. Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum before and after meals, and induce the flow of saliva. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners, 5 cent.

RIGHTED AT LAST.

CHAPTER I.

Evening had come, and, seen from Perran Head, a pageant of sunset already began to unfold fantastic sheaves of splendour, gleaned from the sea and sky. Over distant, undulating Cornish hills, the air was clear and of pure sapphire colour, that, upon the horizon below, faded into intense white light, but above burnt with tones of orange. Here like waves of fire beating over a golden shore, the red clouds extended in one long line across the sky. Billows almost scarlet leapt in feathery foam upward against a darker background of purple; and the starts of this flaming tide ran on from endless reef to reef until among distant aerial bays and estuaries of alternat- gloom and glow, all were shrouded in a mellow haze of infinite perspective. Nearer, quivering through the air, like rose-leaves fallen out of heaven, little crimson cirrus floated clustering downwards, and withered into blackness as they neared the earth. Far below the sea-foam blushed, the white sands gleamed, and, as they went tinkling and shivering back to the sea with each receding wave, the shells and rolling shingle glittered. Dark cliffs also reflected the great world of light above them, and gulls and kittiwakes that wheeled abovt their nightly resting-places, uttered plaintive notes of admiratien to find their sober grey vestments resplendent with jewels of chrysolite and ruby. So the sun spread his hands and blessed that wild land before departing—a benediction which might long have to be the sole rememberance of him; for, in the far south-east, baffled armies already repaired their shattered battalions. There, out of the sea, climbed misshappen, crescive monsters, black and vast. The wind and the night were massing forces and advancing together beneath gloomy banners of cloud, riven and tattered with the shafts of the rain.

So the sunlight dies; the waste of watters assumes one tone of montonous darkness; vespers ended, the sea-birds sleep; away and below, rising invisible above eternal conflicts of rock and wave, the Eddystone opens a golden eye.

We have, however, hastened nature by an hour. With the lighthouse comes a thought of man, and of Perran Head, upon which weather-worn promontory the principal events of this narrative take place. For Perran Head, like those sunken rocks that support the distant beacon, bears upon its highest point the work of human hands. Here stand the remains of a little chapel, where in the dim past good Christians were wont to chant their spiritual songs to the accompaniment of shrieking winds and the hollow roar of ocean-born billows breaking their hearts against the cliffs below. The building is only a ruin now; the roof, with all timber work, has long since vanished away; the crumbling walls have vast breaches on every side; yellow lichens and black eat the decaying stone; aloft, sea pinks flourish and find firm foothold in the crumbling mortar; while about a ruined window, Time has planted trailing things to hide his own handiwork. The sacred and desolate spot that may once have sheltered early Fathers of the Church, now serves but to throw cooling shades over cattle in summer. and, in winter, to protect them from the tempest. Within, trampled by the feet of sheep, are fragments of broken food, torn newspaper, and shattered glass. Charred wood, grey ash, and blackened stone, alsɔ betoken stray visits from holiday-makers.

Upon the eastern side of Perran Head the ground falls gradually away in succeeding uplateaux until it arrives at leges of low cliff under which the sea always runs deep. Here furze and a little heater and much bramble grow, rabbits burrow, and the sturdy cattle that crop a short sweet grass, even to the cliff's edge, get their coats salted with spray, at times when the wind is high. Beneathsthe western wall of the headland, distant half a mile, and only to be reached upon this side by circuitous contortious of a steep bridle pathway, lies Perranpol, a Cornish fishing village. Here the years bring small changes, and echoes from the world reverberate but faintly in the ears of a primitive folk, who live and labour as their great-grandsires lived and laboured before them.

At this moment, however, a link is broken, and matters are afoot in Perranpol that promise to rouse the oldest gaffer from his chimney-corner. Innovation and alterations darken the air; house rents are to be raised; garden allotments remodelled; chaos revived. And, worse than all this, it is rumoured that the sacred fragments of St. Mary's Chapel on Perran Head—a monument dear to the heart of man, woman, and child—are to be torn from their lofty foundation. The lord of the land is dead, leaving no nearer heir than a grandson, and Tregarth Court, the manorial seat, together with Perranpol, and the earthly interests of all that dwell therin, passes to a young man of whom report says no good thing.

Now the devil, upon finding a church, straightway builds to himself a chapel in the shadow of it, we have heard; and so to slightly push the thought, should he chance upon a chapel that makes against his interests, even though it be a ruined one, he instantly convenes an open-air meeting, if the material is at hand. Such, at all events, must have appeared the case to any local body who had seen certain two persons together on Perran Head, while the sunset already mentioned was still dying. In truth, there seems little about them to suggest they have invoked the watchful fiend, but who can tell? A man's heart is his church or his pandemonium.

Whatever Lord Tregarth's deity might be, he worshipped at an attractive shrine. The youth was lying at his ease, his head, pillowed on one hand, the other occupped with a cigar. Though in reality some years younger, he looked not less than thirty. A worn dissipated face, and a trifle of highly cultivated and waxed moustache, considerably added to his real age. In person, Lord Tregarth was short and slim, exquisitely attired, much bejewelled as to his hands, and curled as to his hair. He struck a discordant note in the ear of wild nature, for his face and form told of cities, of life taken at railway speed, of youth and health deliberately thrown aside, of a pending future that would possess little attraction.

No greater contrast than his companion afforded could have been found for him. Near the new ruler sat a fishergirl, a fine, strongly knit maden, quickly blossoming into womanhood. Her face was beautiful with the fresh, warm beauty of sun kissses and the air that blows over the Atlantic. Her brown skin reflected the gold that lurked in his hair, and her eyes seemed to have caught something from them both. They were bright as stars under their dark brows, and could look upon the noonday sun or into the eye of the wind. From the rough boy's cap on her head to the small thick shoes on her feet, a fascinating air of wild freedom floated about the maid. She might indeed have posed as a very incarnation of liberty, her young face, with its mingled expression of strength and sweetness, being admirably adapted thereto.

The girl sat with her elbows on her knees and her chin resting in her hands, looking out over the sea.

"So they don't like me in Perranpol, Joan?" asked his lordship suddenly.

"They hates thee," she answered.

"It is hard, you known, Joan, to condemn a man without judgment.',

"Folks talk. They hear of your goings on up to London town. Not that they'd heed what you do there; but none can abide what you be after in Perranpol."

"They grumble about increased rents?" suggested Lord Tregarth.

"Sure they do; and natural it is they should. But there's one thought before all others takes the life out of them. Touch St. Mary's Chapel here—*that* will find you enemies and to spare. 'Tis an act that God Himself will be busy to prevent, the old men say."

"I doubt it, Joan. Surely a man has the right to do what he pleases with his own? The land is mine, the ruin is mine; if I choose to buile a fine tower Perran Head in place of these shattered fragments, who can reasonably object?"

"We that lives under the headland loves it, and those on the sea loves it too," she answered simply.

"That's no argument," he said, after a minute's silence, he continued:

"Why don't the people have a deputation? Why don't they come up to the Court and see me and make a fuss and go down on their knees and all that sort of thing, like the fendal retainers in story books?'

"Now I don't know what you are talking about," she replied. "But if you want to know why the folks don't go to the Court, I'll tell you: they are frightened out of their wits. They think you so bad"

He smiled a gratified smile and turned to he, again. "Poor fools. You are not frightened of me Joan?"

She ,looking at the little dandy, stretched out her strong arms, and laughed in his face..

"Frighted at thee? Not I. I've lived a life that takes the heart out of all fear. I've been in storms by sea and land as well. I've stole the sea fowls' eggs and hanged by ropes where the lads durstn't go. I had a father—God rest him—what visiting folks said was the last of the Cornish giants they reckoned. I be like him too; but he had more muscle in his finger than I have from head to heel. I'm the last of the Perranpol Silvers—nothing ever frightened them; and nothing do me neither."

"I suppose not," assented his lordship; "else you wouldn't come up here on this lonely place and sit and talk to me, Joan."

"I see no harm in it," she answered.

"None in the world; but you're a rum girl, you know," he declared.

"Am I?" she asked. "I don't know much about other girls. I'm all alone in the world—the last of the Silvers. There's Sam, of course, and my Uncle Libby who I lives with; but I takes to no woman folk, and maidens' work I never could do."

"Who may Mr. Sam be, Joan?"

"Sam Haddock's my man. He'll marry me, I doubt, but not yet awhile. He's fought every likely lad in Perranpol for me. Marry him as he is the strongest and the powerfullest," my father always said, and I will."

"Sam has fairly won you by force of arms?"

"Yes. The last fight was talked about all round the country side. He beat Fred Dando. 'Twas awful work, they tell me."

"Is your Sam a sailor?"

"No, worse luck. I'd sooner have had a seafaring man. Fred Dando is a sailor, what's seen some service too, but Sam's a brick-layer."

"And you love him like anything I suppose?"

"Well enough; he's a mighty strong man," she answered.

Lord Tregarth rose, yawned, refreshed himself from a little pocket-flask and prepared to depart.

"Good-bye, Joan," he said "Some rain is coming; we mustn't get wet."

The girl laughed at him.

"You're a great lord to your own thinking, belike," she responded; "but you are only a poor figure of a man after all to fear the air you breathe. Let me row you away out to sea some time when the mares' tails are lashing the water; let me show you the shags, and the oyster-birds, and the deep green waves, where the seas come along with strength in them. Let me take you there—then you'll find what a small thing you are, spite of your fat lands, and houses, and gold."

She stood poised on the brink of the cliff with one hand on her breast, the other stretched out towerds the sea. The wind played with her hair, and she smilled as the first patter of rain fell on her cheek, drinking in the cold breeze that brought it.

"You're very rude, Joan Silver," said Lord Tregarth; turning up his coat collar; "but you shall take me for a row some fine day all the same, if you've got the spirit to do it. What would Sam say?"

"He may come and see us start if he's minded to," she answered. "Good-night to you Lord Tregarth;" and away went Joan, running down the winding path to her home with feet as sure as a man's.

The other watched her a moment and then turned inland. He had come upon the girl while making an excursion round his domains. Interested by her pretty face, he asked of her some questions respecting the names of homesteads and headlands, and was struck by the unconcerned freedom with whish she answered him, though well aware to whom she spoke. Her unconventional demeanour and life also possessed a novel charm for his jaded lordship; and, without any particular analysis of his exact feelings towards Joan, we may say that the young man determined to see a good deal more of her during the two months which he proposed staying in Cornwall for the present. Miss Silver, on her side, cared not a straw for the new ruler. She was fond of talking—especially to strangers—and, finding Lord Tregarth an excellent listener, had promised, after their first meeting, to tell him all about the interests of his tenants on some future occasion. This led to the conversation just completed, and Joan now hurried to the village, full of eagerness to tell the fishermen of her interview and of Lord Tregarth's desire that the wishes of his people should be set before him. Never for a moment did she suppose her wisdom or right to meddle in local politics would be questioned. The Silvers were important folks in Perranpol at all times; and at her father's death, a small fortune of two hundred pounds, for the present in her Uncle Libby's keeping, made Joan, in her own eyes at any rate, a young thing of some consideration.

The rain was not yet falling in earnest as she joined a group of men and women gathered about the village watering-place. All listened with attention to one Nancy Vallack, a white-haired, rebec-faced old creature, supposed by Perranpol to possess certain knowledge of future events, generally held to be uncommon.

"There's no good can come of it for him or for us, by sea or land," asserted Nancy with authority. "Ill will befall the sinner as touches the chapel and ilt will befall them as lives in the power of it. If boats go down and lives be lost; Perranpol boats they'll be and Perranpol lives. Nought can be catched either if the fishers' landmark are stakenand——"

"But he's for building a great tower instead," interrupted Joan.

"Mind thy business, wench," snapped the prophetess sharply.

"Quite thee, girl-" added her Uncle Libby, who was in the audience.

"And the land men will suffer too—they needn't think to escape," continued Mother Vallack, "From the day that St. Mary's is laid finger on it's phantom corn only will fill the fields. 'Taters will rot, and the anbury be upon every other root as grows. Mark me, there's a curse hovering above us, sure as the sky be full of wind. Let the chapel come down, and every stone that falls will bring a groan for us along with it."

There was a moment's silence, of which Joan Silver took advantage.

"Maybe, if you went to him decent and orderly, he'd take note of what you had to say," she began.

"Heed the likes of us!" exclaimed Mr. Libby.

"Yes," answered his niece, "I'll make bold to say he would, He told me as much."

"You?" cried half a dozen voices in surprise.

"It's truth. I've been up on Perran Head along with the Lord Tregarth this afternoon."

"Seen him and spoke with him, Joan?" asked Fred Dando, a blue-eyed, broad-shouldered young fellow whose terrific battle with the girl's sweeheart, three months before, had helped to make Perranpol history.

"Ay, Fred. Why not? He's only a man, and a poor one at that."

"Joan Silver," burst out Mother Vallack, shaking a lean fist in the girl's face, "my ill wish on thee, and

worse. It's an evil thing you have done for your neighbours and a dangerous thing for yourself. The Perranpol man or woman as bates an inch of their rights, or offers this villian a thought of frienship, shall be hound ed out of this villiage, or I'm nobody."

"If Sam Haddock hears tell of this, there'll be a fine coil," said old Libby, but Joan only laughed in response.

"You're scarey things," she answered. "Sam's not a fool, and thinks better of Lord Tregarth than of you. I met the man and he spoke me civil as need be. I answered him fair and plain; then he asked a word or two about the land and them as farmed it. And you needn't be for cursing me, Mother Vallack—it's wasting breath. You cursed the Silvers by sea, and land, by day and night, 'cause you hated them, but none were the worse, and none will be."

"None the worse, none the worse! Where are they now, then? Gone—dead—every mother's son and daughter of them. All but you, you froward young catamountain," screamed the old woman; and Joan laughed again.

"Here's Sam himself a-coming," said Fred Dando.

"He'll shake some right sense into her, if there's room for it," whispered Joan's uncle to a crony. He felt a wholesome horror of the girl, and knew by experience that to criticise any action or intention of hers was unwise.

Samuel Haddock approached. He was a huge, loosely-built, but powerful man, a head taller than anyone else in Perranpol, and the village champion. Leathern garters were strapped round his trousers below the knee, his hands were white and rough with mortar, splashes of lime adorned his hat and jacket, as well as his great red beard.

"Still clattering your tongues over the new master, I suppose," he said in a big voice, throwing down a basket of tools and kissing Joan ostentatiously. "Bless us all, there's only one man in Perranpol as don't shiver at the very name of him—that's me."

"Only one man, maybe, but there's a maid alongside of you now, as fancies him even better than you do," hissed Mother Vallack, pointing at Joan.

Sam started and turned to his sweetheart for an explanation. His sole reason for affecting to be satisfied with the changes now imminent centered in a desire to run counter, as usual, to the opinions of his fellow-villagers. Haddock was a pugnacious man, fond of strife and ever ready to find it. He differed upon this question simply for the sake of doing so; but Joan was much mistaken, as may be supposed, if she imagined that her lover would allow his liberty of thought to be so rapidly developed by her into liberty of action.

"Yes, Sam. I know Lord Tregarth, and have spoke with him; that's all the matter," she said calmly.

In answer, Mr. Haddock said nothing, but looked much and acted forcibly. He clenched a ponderous fist, frowned, till great tang'es of red eyebrow met over eyes that were also red, and then, seizing his treasure by the arm, marched her off to privately administer such reproof as the case demanded.

A scene which followed need not be entirely reproduced. Sam swore roundly, dared Joan to go near Lord Tregarth again at her peril, and promised to "scat his lordship's brains abroad" if another word of the business came to his ears. Joan, upon her side, declared that nobody was her master, that she loved Mr. Haddock truly, and, if he couldn't trust her with a butterfly of a creature like the new Lord Tregarth, he had better say so and break off the match.

"All Silver folks have held their heads high till now," grumbled Sam at the close of this scene. "It's been left for you to go trapesing after lordlings and shaming them that be dead and gone."

"Who's trapesing after lords? You're a man to be proud of, that you are," sneered Joan in reply. "A pretty sort of stuff you think women are made of—sea-foam, perhaps?"

After further recriminations, the big bricklayer caved in. Words were not handy weapons against Joan, who could use them with greater effect; and Sam tendered uncouth apologies for presuming to doubt his girl.

"I've been free as air since I could walk, Samuel, and I'll remain so. Why, it's what you loved me for. You said you counted me a ready lass as would go fair shares in toil and trouble with any lad she mated to—not be a milstone round his neck, like most maids."

"I know it, Joan; and I say it again, I trust you: but there can't be any sort of reason for your seeing and speaking to this man. Lord only knows what town folks are. Their ways is hid from us, as ours from them. Only they be a powerful sight wickeder than country folks—that's allowed; and the richer they are the wickeder, I reckon."

"Don't fear, Sam. Mayhap I'll do Perranpol a service after all. Folks like him will put themselves more out of the way for a slip of a girl than they would for a thousand men." Which last remark did not tend to comfort Mr. Haddock.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Returned With Thanks.

"Who gave you these chrysanthemums?"
"Clara Harkins."
"Where did she get them?"
"I gave them to her."

ADVANCE OFWOMANKIND.

Julia Ward Howe, writes as follows:—The demand that the college curriculum should be as free to women as to men called forth from members of the medical profession an indignant protest. All the ills that flesh is heir to would visit them and their posterity if this demand should be granted. Insanitly sterility, deformity would afflict the college-bred woman. Either they would stay the men fatally in the race for academic honors, or the effort to keep up with these would shipwreck the health of the young girls for life.

In spite of these threats, coming from high quarters, the demand was perseved in, granted and availed of.

What followed? The inevitable conclusion that young women are as well able to bear the strain of college studies as young men are.

It also appeared that if some girls are physically disqualified for sustained intellectual labor a certain proportion of the young men are subject to the same limitation. Cases of breaking down among the male undergraduates came to be observed and reported. *Nou, omnia possumus omnes.*

We can't all go to college, men and women of us, but many women can and should go. And thank heaven, they did go and still continue to do so.

What an hysterical view was this, that all the discoveries of science, the improvements of hygiene, the ameliorated views of diet, ventilation and of the use and care of the body, should not sufficiently benefit women to offset the danger of a thorough course of Latin, Greek and mathematics!

How much were it to be wished that the zeal of the faculty had directed itself as openly and efficiently against late hours, tight lacing, high heeled shoes and the use of nerve stimulants and cosmetics, as it did against the healthful and satisfying pursuit of learning.

Much as I consider women to have gained by the position and opportunities secured to them I have yet to name an important item, which is both a condition and a mark of their improvement. This is the fact of their ever increasing tendency to associated action.

The social instinct is strong in human nature, but it does not attain its best results without study and self-discipline.

The women's clubs which are springing up all over the country are marks of this study and discipline. I know of many of them, and I do not know of one which does not keep in view serious and worthy objects. The feeling of sisterhood which naturally grows out of club intercourse among women tends to put out of sight the inordinate ambitions of the few and the self-distrusting passivity of the many.

In this country, of which we can speak with the greatest certainty, the whole ideal of womanhood has been lifted bodily, and placed upon a secure elevation, How should it be otherwise where freedom has given woman room to grow and expand to her full stature and where the cruel gyves of survile superstition have been stricken from her intellectual faculities?

No creature can be noble that is forced into an apologetic position. The first sinner, who stole the forbidden fruit and led the man to taste it. Who can tell how severely this ancient mythus may have reacted upon the position of woman? Not the Hebrew scriptures alone, but others of the Oriental religion threw the burden of the world's evil upon womankind. Philosophers of our own days who have become enamored of these ancient faiths have endeavored in their way to set forth this mean and ungenerous doctrine, and to maintain with the followers of Buddha that the evil principle, throughout creation, is the female. From the Buddhistic point of view this doctrine has indeed its logical justification.

If, as this assumes, existence is an evil, then the great part which women bear in the production of life is primarily an evil. Has not our Christianity put all these cobwebs to flight, with its wholesome showing of the absolute value of human life? Even the genius of Schopenhauer will not efface the sacred image of the Mother and her Babe.

For Women of Leisure.

In these days there is much done for the amelioration of woman's sufferings and wrongs, as inflicted on her by the "sterner sex," and all honor to those men and women, who strive daily to make the path of a fellow-being more easy to tread.

But there are certain wrongs to which one woman is subjected by other women, which we think might be greatly modified. That a woman would deliberately inflict a wrong upon a "sister" is hardly to be imagined. We can only suppose, therefore, that the two things of which we are about to speak are the outgrowth rather of thoughtlessness than carelessness of another's comfort, or of evil design.

First, we have the question of street car crowding. Whether it is or is not the legitimate and proper thing for a man to give up his seat to a standing woman, is a question open to much discussion, but that is not the view which we wish to present in the present article. The tired *shoppers* and the tired working-girls go home in the same cars. Could not the shoppers manage to go home say a half hour earlier, and leave the vacant or vacated seats to the tired work-women?

A lady on one of our city lines was heard to remark the other day. "I am late to-night. I usually make an earlier car than this. For, while I cannot stand, I exceedingly dislike to have any one give me a seat, for, probably, the man who gives it is as tired as I, who have only been shopping. I think all shoppers should try to get home and out of the way of those who cannot choose their own time." All honor to the woman who takes this view and lives up to it. She shows a thoughtfulness for the well-fare of others that is well worthy emulation.

The next subject in question, is the *time* of shopping. Surely those who have all day to do it in, can find some other time than just that which a working woman finds between twelve and one, after a hastily swallowed luncheon. Let a working-woman try to make some purchases at the only time of day that is her own, and she will be balked at every turn by crowds of women who could as easily select some other time of day at the one hour between twelve and one. In many cases the very women who are keeping the working girl from purchasing some really necessary article are merely "looking," with a view to "seeing what there is."

It seems as if there might be a radical change made in some way. Does it savor of tyranny and dictation? By no means! We are only suggesting one means by which the condition of the many young women obliged to earn their bread, may be very materially alleviated by a little thought, or perhaps sacrifice, on the part of their more fortunate sisters.

And last, but not least, let us consider the luncheon hour. This in almost all large establishments, is from twelve to one. Cannot the shoppers just as conveniently take some other hour in the restaurants, and thus give the working woman time to be waited on and consume her little lunch comfortably?—[Ladies Home Journal.

An Algerian Wedding Feast.

A marriage celebration in Algeria is an interesting relic of ancient customs. The bride-goom goes to bring the bride, and the guests assembled outside the house will wait for his coming. Soon the sound of pipes is heard coming from the summit of some neighboring hill, and the marriage procession approaches the bridegroom's house. The pipers always come first in the procession, then the bride muffled up in a veil, riding a mule led by her lover. Then comes a bevy of gorgeously dressed damsels, sparkling with silver ornaments, after which the friends of the bride follow. The procession stops in front of the bridegroom's house, and the girl's friends line both sides of the pathway, The pipers march off on one side, while the bridegroom lifts the girl from the mule and holds her in his arms. The girl's friends thereupon throw earth at the bridegroom when he hurries forward and carries her over the threshold of his house. Those about the door beat him with olive-branches, amid much laughter. In the evening, on such occasions, the pipers and drummers are called in, and the women dance, two at a time, facing each other; nor does a couple desist until, panting and exhausted, they step aside to make room for another. The dance has great energy of movement, though the steps are small and changes of position slight, the dancers only circling round occasionally. But they swing their bodies about with an astonishing energy and suppleness. As leaves flutter before the gale, so do they vibrate to the music; they shake; they shiver and tremble; they extend quivering arms, wave veils; and their minds seem lost in the *abandon* and frenzy of the dance, while the other women, looking on, encourage by their high, piercing, thrilling cries which add to the noise of the pipes and drums.

To the traveller, the scene is one not alone of interest but full of a weird and strange fascination that absorbs the mind and attention.

Are Beautiful Women Happiest?

In my life I have known many women well. Among them is a fair majority of what the truly appreciative would call happy, for which fact I thank God, as it has helped me to take, on the whole, a hopeful view of life, as well as of human nature. Now, are these women, blessed as many of them are with devoted husbands, cheerful homes, cultivated society, and leisure for the exercise of any special talent they may possess, beautiful women?

With one or two exceptions, No. Indeed, more than a few of them are positively plain, if feature only is considered, while from the rest I can single out but two or three whose faces and figures conform to any of the recognized standards of physical perfection. But they are loved, they are honored, they are deferred to. While not eliciting the admiration of every passer-by, they have acquired through the force, the sweetness, or originality of their character, the appreciation of those whose appreciation confers honor and happiness, and, consequently, their days pass in an atmosphere of peace and good-will which is as far above the delirious admiration accorded to the simply beautiful, as the placid shining of the sunbeam is to the phenominal blaze of an evanescent flame.

The Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

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REVIEW OF FASHION.

We present a new feature this month in the shape of giving several masquerade costumes of a size large enough to copy from, as well as full descriptions of these and others suitable for the gay season now passing. Winter sports are not forgotten among our illustrations, neither are warm comforts in the shape of hoods, muffs, and leggins for ladies and children.

Striped dresses are prettily made up with the stripes forming inserted V's up the front of the skirt and basque. Black silk afternoon gowns are stylishly fashioned with panels and front of green and pink brocade on a cream ground separated by narrow panels of the black covered with cord passementerie. The basque has a vest and collar of the brocade, with cuffs and girdle of passementerie.

Gray silk net for the front, and silver passementerie, form a stylish combination with gray silk for dinner wear. Light plaid silks, cream and pink, green or blue, are made up with cashmere the color of the bright lines for home evening wear, the silk forming the petticoat and blouse vest with velvet collar, belt and cuffs the color of the woolen material.

A pale blue cashmere has the round, full skirt bordered with a band of white Venetian guipure. The bodice is cut like an open jacket or smoking-coat, quaintly squared at the corners, and trimmed all around with black ribbon velvet, some two inches in width, which is tied at the waist behind into a sash bow, with long ends, reaching to the hem of the gown. A narrow violin back is formed of the black velvet, and a similar arrangement in front makes a slender V-shaped waistcoat between folds of the blue cashmere; while the sleeves, which are something between the leg o'mutton and the modified bishop shapes, are trimmed with wide cuffs, composed of a band of the black velvet, set between reversed stripes of the Venetian lace with which the skirt is trimmed.

Lovely costumes are made of the black armure silk having a floral stripe along the edges or alternate stripes of plain black and flowers. They are cut in the now highly favored princesse style over a one-piece front of black silk, with accessories of green, blue, pink, or red silk, covered with vandykes of black cord and lace embroidery.

New tea gowns for brides are of armure silk, with full sleeves, jacket fronts and princesse back over a front and vest of rich brocade. The collar, cuffs, girdle, and revers are of velvet the shade of the silk. One in maize surah has the front draped with embroidered net, having an Empire border, kept in its place at the waist by a pointed belt. A ruche of silk surrounds the neck and borders the full elbow sleeves, with lace ruffles; but the great novelty, and a pretty one, is the drapery of embroidered net, which comes from each shoulder at the back, falling burnoose-fashion all over the skirt.

An æsthetic tea-gown of golden-brown cloth falls in long Russian folds in front from the shoulders to the edge of the skirt; front piece forming underskirt, of brocaded tapestry—pale blue ground, with gold embroidery, and border and fringe woven in to match; handsome brown passementerie trimming, ending with ornament at the waist; small Elizabethan collar of cloth, lined with tapestry; sleeve of brown cloth turned back with velvet, and epaulet of tapestry trimmed with bows.

Silk-warp Henrietta, black, is made up stylishly with armure or faille Francaise, with a garniture of pointed or flower cord passementerie. The silk is used for the draped skirt front or fringe-trimmed panels, blouse vest, collar and cuffs. All-black gowns of Henrietta cloth and silk brocade are select and refined in appearance. Young ladies frequently vary a black bodice by draping a plaid or cream silk handkerchief as a short full plastron or long vest, fastening it with lingerie pins.

Some bridesmaids' costumes lately made are quaint enough to mention. The skirts are of finely crimped poppy-rod nun's veiling, with four rows of delicate black lace insertion, graduated in width (from four to one inch), laid on. Incroyable coats of rich soft black silk, lined with red, with revers and wide cuffs of jet on red silk, red waistcoats, ruffles of black lace over cream lace, large red buttons covered with jet at each side of the coat bodice. The hats, of cream felt, were low in the crown and slanting, with sailor brims, but cut away short at the back, and filled up with a band of jet, which looked like a very handsome comb. The brims were lined with black lace, and the crowns almost hidden by black silk bows, and an aigrette of red ostrich feathers, apparently fastened by the jet combs. The long Suede gloves were cream-colored, the red hose, and the Louis XV. shoes of black patent leather piped with red, with red heels, and large jet buckles.

The skirts are as plain as possible, though there is a rumor from Paris that polonaises are to be draped in the back, and that the full pleated backs of straight skirts are to be again hooked up over the back of the basque. A favorite skirt consists of two triple box-pleats in the back, slightly gathered sides, and the front almost plain, with a slight draping near the top.

Front breadths are sometimes draped high on one side in Grecian fashion or lifted in a deep fold to show a velvet, corduroy (which is used occasionally) or brocade underskirt. Plain round gathered or pleated skirts, full sleeves, and quaint round waists shirred to fit all fullness to the figure, are worn at home. New full bodices fasten on the left shoulder and under-arm seam after the lining is hooked up the middle. It is quite an art to get into a waist, as they must fasten invisibly.

Princess effects are greatly worn, with lapped waists, or a vest. A novel effect is given by lapping one side of the bodice over the bust in a point and holding it there with a bead ornament, or if for an evening dress use a jeweled pin. Gigot sleeves are full and wrinkled above the elbows, but very tight-fitting below. Short basques, round waists and full fronts are in high favor.

To do up Cream-Colored Curtains.

Cream-colored curtains, so much used at present, require a little coloring matter in the starch at every washing, because otherwise they soon become entirely white. Tea and coffee have both been used for this purpose, but the result is not satisfactory, because the tint thus given is brownish rather than the one desired The cream-colored starch sold in stores had also better be avoided, as it sometimes happens that the curtains stiffened with it assume a decidedly salmon hue. A lovely ivory tint is obtained through the use of boiling rhubarb, The species referred to is the Rheum officinale, in such common use as a medicine, and may be bought at any druggists. Buy ten cent's worth of Rhubarb and pour upon it a pint of boiling water. Then let it cool, and stir it into a bowl of ordinary starch until the hue is exactly what you desire. The curtains must be dried after the dirt is washed out of them, and then be starched, once more dried, and then be ironed with a very hot iron. Indeed, it is better instead of sprinkling them imperfectly, to dip the curtains quickly into a tub of clear water, and folding them up smoothly, lay them between folds of cotton cloth until they are in the proper condition for ironing. With the above-mentioned quantity of rhubarb four to six small or two large pairs of curtains can be done up. One needs proportionately less rhubarb for a good many curtains to be starched at the same time. By careful attention to the above directions, curtains when done up, will look as new.—[Harper's Bazar,

Alma Ladies' College.

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Culinary Hints.

Housekeepers dread to see the inquiring expression on the countenance of Bridget which precedes the question, "Please, ma'am, what shall I get for breakfast?" And in families where there is no Bridget the case is still more trying. One who has never attempted it cannot imagine the mental effort which is required to invent daily three bills of fare, which must keep in view the contents of the larder, the health and taste of each member of the family, and the various affairs of the day which are likely to demand the attention of the cook and the use of the range, to the detriment of culinary matters. Now for the suggestion. Select whichever one of the lighter meals you please, breakfast, luncheon or tea, and make the experiment for one month of having that meal very simple and uniform. You will find it more satisfactory in the end if you persist in having the bill of fare invariable, for every one will become accustomed to it simplicity sooner and if you try to vary ever so little you will fall back into your old habit almost without knowing it. If it is breakfast, and your family are oatmeal eaters, let your table show only porridge, bread and butter, coffee and milk. If they do not appreciate, "The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food," you can substitute some sort of baked or stewed fruit, or boiled eggs. Let everything you have be the best of its kind—clear, golden coffee with cream, fresh bread and nice butter—and although it may seem at first a very poor breakfast, the family will soon become accustomed to it, and will be all the better in health for living more simply. Some families will prefer to take their plain fare at night. A cup of nice tea and dainty slices of white or brown bread will be found more conducive to quiet rest and peaceful dreams than the mixture of hot biscuits, cold meat, jam and cake, which is usually set forth. Make the table look as attractive as possible with immaculate linen and pretty china. If you are to have simple food, you can at least put the "butter in a lordly dish," and try to make everything look dainty and appetizing. Depend upon it, a plain breakfast or tea served in this way will prove more acceptable than a carelessly-cooked variety set forth in ordinary dishes on a soiled table-cloth.

You will be surprised to find under how many fanciful names the homely stew masquerades, writes Sallie Joy White. We all know the plain Irish stew, with its vegetables and dumplings cooked with the meat. I dare say many of you have often wondered, as I used to do when a little girl, while puzzling over the queer names in the cookery books, what a ragout might be. Well, it is nothing more or less than our friend, the stew, highly flavored with wine. A salmi is a stew of game, usually made from the left-over pieces of a game dinner; this is also quite highly flavored, oftenest with currant jelly. A haricot is a stew with the meat and the vegetables cut fine. Of course you all know that a chowder is a stew of fish, clams or oysters; and that a fricassee is a stew in which the meat is browned in fat, either before or after cooking in the hot water, and is served without vegetables. A pot-pie is a stew in which the dough is put on as a crust, covering the whole top of the kettle in which it is cooked, instead of being used in balls as dumplings.

Now, for one simple stew, one called in the Liverpool school an Exeter stew. Use for every half pound of beef, half an onion, one quarter each of turnip and carrot, two potatoes, salt and pepper to taste, a little flour, and water enough to cover. Wipe the meat, cut it into small pieces, removing any bits of crumbly bone that may adhere to it. Put the larger bones into a kettle and cover with cold water; melt the fat of the meat, brown the sliced onion in it and skim them out as soon as they are a fine, yellow brown; dredge the bits of meat with flour, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, and brown them in the onion-seasoned fat. Put them and the onions into the kettle in which the bone is boiling, and add enough boiling water to cover them. Simmer from two to three hours, or until the meat is tender. Half an hour before serving add the other vegetables, which should have been cut into small dice; twenty minutes before serving add the potatoes, which should have been washed and pared, cut into quarters and parboiled five minutes. You should take out the fat and bone before adding the vegetables. When ready to serve, skim out the meat and the potatoes upon a hot platter, thicken the gravy as you think it necessary, add seasoning, then pour it over the meat. Half a cup of stewed tomato that has been strained is an excellent addition. It you make this stew successfully, you will no doubt eat it with keen relish.

Why She Was Happy.

"Oh, I think it's lovely to be married," said young Mrs. Tocker to the lady on whom she was calling, "especially when you have a husband who is not afraid to compliment you."

"What does your husband say?"

"He said yesterday that I was getting to be a perfect Xantippe."

"A Xantippe! Do you know who she was?"

"Oh, yes; I asked Charley afterward, and he told me she was the goddess of youth and beauty."

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STUFFY HOUSES.

How to Avoid Having Them.

Sight is too often lost of the influence, mentally and physically, of the atmosphere of the house. It is almost impossible to have a healthy body or mind in a house which is not well aired and into which sunshine is not freely permitted to enter. Sunshine and pure air are such important sanitary things that a house which has an ample amount of each has two of the greatest aids to health and cheerfulness. Of the many causes of stuffiness in a house, these are a few: The rage for decoration and ornaments, useful and otherwise, has filled many a house to overflowing with all sorts of things that catch and retain dust, besides making the matter of cleaning a room one which demands much time and labor. The temptation is great to omit the frequent sweeping and dusting which are necessary to the sweetness and wholesomeness of a room. The large number of portieres, rugs, cushions, etc., used nowadays should be frequently shaken in the open air. Only such ornaments as can be properly cared for should ever be kept in a room.

"Keep a thing seven years, and if you have no use for it, give it away," has been the motto of many a housekeeper, with the result that rooms and closets are packed with what are of no use to the owner, collecting dust and, perhaps, moths; making the work of cleaning and airing a burden to the housekeeper, when the same might be of much value to somebody else. Think of the coats, vests, trousers and other garments that have been cast aside by the men of the family which would be a welcome gift to some poor woman to make over for her boys; and think also of the dresses and other clothes discarded by the women of the family, which would be of value to some hard-working mother for wear by her children! Such things often hang in closets or lie on shelves until they become moth-eaten and worse than useless. When you no longer need a garment, give it away where it will be of use.

Well-worn white cotton and linen clothing that is no longer of value to the household, except as cleaning-cloths, should be sorted, folded, and sent to some hospital, reserving, of course, enough to use in case of sickness or accident. Old linen and cotton can not be bought, and so much of it is needed in sickness that it is a valuable gift to any hospital. The charge of becoming stuffy can not be brought against old cotton and linen, but being of such value in an institution or among the poor in time of sickness, they should not be hoarded nor wasted in house cleaning.

Many houses are always in order, and one fails to detect dust or dirt; yet they lack the freshness and sweetness which should be a part of every home. In such houses the carpet-sweeper or the small brush-broom and the dust-pan are used to remove all the perceptible dirt from the floor. The sunlight is shut out, lest carpets and furniture coverings be faded; the rooms do not get a thorough airing every day, and this is why a visitor feels oppressed on entering. A woolen carpet will absorb not only the dust, but also all the gases and unpleasant odors which come in contact with it. The carpets or rugs in a sitting-room should be swept or shaken once a week at least, and these rooms should be thoroughly aired every morning.

Straw matting or hard-wood or painted floors are sweeter and more conducive to health than woolen carpets. It is, therefore, a pity that anything but matting is ever used for covering a bedroom floor. Small rugs that anybody can easily shake may be placed beside the bed and wash-stand and, indeed, wherever one would like a mat to give an air of warmth and comfort to the room. Many persons object to matting because, they say, it does not wear well. The best quality will, however, outwear an ingrain carpet. Cheap mattings are expensive at any price.

There should be nothing in a bedroom that is not washable, and the furnishing should be so simple that it can be cared for without too much time and labor. The beds should be thoroughly aired every morning; the sheets, blankets, pillows and mattresses so disposed that there shall be a current of air about them; and if possible they should be exposed to the sunshine. All closets should be thoroughly aired daily.

The kitchen and cellar must be as carefully watched as any other part of the house. How often the bad odors and much sickness could be traced to the kitchen or cellar! A few decayed vegetables or fruit left there may cause an unpleasant odor that will penetrate every part of the house and often bring on serious illness. In the kitchen there must be a daily inspection of closets and a thorough airing several times in the day. The windows should be dropped a few inches from the top all the time, in this way keeping the air pure and, as a matter of fact, keeping the whole house sweeter. It is a misfortune to have an enclosed sink, because the closet is, as a rule, a receptacle for damp, dish, sink and floor cloths, all of which should be exposed to air and light instead of being thrown into a dark corner until wanted again.

Another important thing to keep in mind is the plumbing. The more conveniences a housekeeper has in the way of set-bowls, bath-rooms, etc., the greater her care; for these modern conveniences may be a source of the greatest danger. It is singular that but few understand the necessity for a thorough flushing of the pipes once or twice a day. Some folks think any use of water beyond what is actually necessary is a waste. A constant leakage is a waste, but there should be a perfect rush of water through all the pipes at least once a day Once a week all the pipes should have poured through them boiling-hot soda water—half a pint of washing soda dissolved in two gallons of boiling water. When bought by the quarter-barrel soda is very cheap.

Three or four barrels of charcoal set in different parts of the cellar will be o great help in keeping the house sweet.

In damp weather in summer a fire should be lighted in some room in the main part of the house and the doors in all the rooms be opened, in order that all the house may be kept dry. If we have sweet homes we must be prodigal in our use of water, fresh air and sunlight.—[Maria Parloa, in "Good Housekeeping."

Lengthening Life.

Notwithstanding all that religion and philosophy tell us, there are few of us, and those only under the pressure of great distress, disease, or loss, or trouble, that do not hold length of days to be a blessing, and do not look with interest on the report from physicians and scientific people that the average of human life is lengthening, and that where once, not two hundred years ago, fourscore was an age of wonder, now nearly fivescore is not infrequent; and that not only is life longer, but limbs are stronger, men are of better stature, women are of more endurance. It is, of course, quite well known that the armor of the Middle Ages can be forced on by but few of the men of to-day, and that men are much taller now than the doorways under which if their forefathers entered without stooping they had to be shorter than their descendants. It is rather to be doubted if the ameliorations and alleviations of life that go under the head of luxuries have had much to do with increasing the stature or the longevity of the race as yet. On the contrary, many of these luxuries must have been in some degree enervating, and cannot have tended toward promoting endurance or making those who enjoy them hardy. The modern improvements of houses heated by hot air and steam, of rapid transit, of a thousand once unheard-of delicacies of food within the reach of almost all, together with the advance of medical science, and the absence of great need of exposure that formerly existed, with the wearing of more suitable clothes, with an enlarged knowledge of hygiene, have all undoubtedly tended to keep those alive who in earlier times would have died out of hand while meeting and enduring the harder conditions of life. Living, then, they have imparted to their children a weakened physical frame and a lowered vitality, and have in so much only impaired and vitiated the race of humanity. But the probability is that in time the same influences which made it possible for these weaker ones to live, will vitalize and strengthen and build up their descendants, and so restore the average in that way, and really on a higher scale at last; and in the meanwhile those that were always strong, and were born of the strong, will have been going constantly to greater strength and greater length of days, helping in their way to leaven the mass.

It is now maintained among those of a scientific habit, that is, who insist upon accuracy, that the stories of marvellous old age in various individuals are untrue; that Dr. Parr is a myth, along with Tithonus; that no Countess of Desmond ever lived to be a hundred and forty, but that two ladies continued the title during that period of time; and so of all the rest. To-day there are few among those who have come over seas to make a home in America but will inform you of those in their acquantance who have passed the century's boundary line; but the stories are entitled probably only to as little credit as those of the same peasant order of mind of an earlier era. Yet we have seen in our own time the life of M. Chevreul draw to an end in its one-hundred-and-third year, with every faculty alert; and many of us have begun to have in our experience knowledge of some one individual who has approached if not equalled as old an age, so that we have ceased to consider eighty as very great age at all.

The fact of age is not told altogether by years, and not even by gray hairs and wrinkles, since those sometimes come early. One may be eighty and have gray hairs and wrinkles, but the spirit within will assert itself in the desire still to be and to do that is always a part of youth. Hair will whiten and muscles will shrink, leaving the skin to shrivel and wrinkle as years go on, even when the health is perfect; but let the health be perfect, and no matter what the years or the wrinkles are, the spirit will be young. Hence to create and maintain health is the work of those who look for happiness in longevity; for, although one may not shrink from very old age in any circumstances, regarding it as a part of the working of Providence, yet no one can wish to become painfully feeble and decrepit, with all he was in ashes, unless he is willing to sigh with Tithonus about the

> "Happy men that have the power to die,
> And grassy barrows of the happier dead."

Any one whose opinion has worth would prefer death itself to that senility where the mental powers halt, and the spirit is so clogged with weakness as to give forth no ray. But since life has been described as a disease, cause unknown, diagnosis variable, prognosis fatal, it is self-evident that the disease has to be fought from the first, and if the termination is to find us dying, like old Chapman's hero, on our feet we have to re-enforce our powers all the way along. The wise parent will see to it then, the wise child will see to it later; for sound bodily habits are of course at the root of all success in the effort.

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About Women.

A mother is naturally expected by her children to be a perfect encyclopedia to draw from, and no one has such need of varied knowledge and accomplishments.

A large majority of the workers on cheap readymade clothing are young women. It is estimated that they number 5,000 to-day in the city of Boston, and that their average weekly pay is $3.

"You have noticed it, haven't you," asks *Colman's Rural World*, "that when a man rises from poverty to wealth and distinction, from humble beginning to affluence and honor, he is pointed out as a model self-made man. And you have noticed that when a woman commences life as a waitress, chambermaid, kitchen girl, or any like position, and afterwards rises in the world, by marriage or by personal effort, the rest of woman-kind never forgive her. Why is it so? Is society responsible for this injustice?"

Economic relations are sometimes a good deal governed by custom, and it would be rash to affirm that upon women as newcomers in certain employments custom has not borne hard. But in employments where their position is established, such as those of the singer, the musician, novel writer, the artist or the milliner, women are not underpaid. Who is more overpaid, or if managers speak the truth, more rapacious, than a prima donna?—[Prof. Goldwin Smith.

No woman desires a beard, because a beard means care and trouble, and would detract from feminine beauty, but to have a strong and, in appearance, a resolute under-jaw may be considered a desirable note of masculinity and of masculine power and privilege in the good time coming. Hence the cultivation of it by the chewing of gum is a recognizable and reasonable instinct, and the practice can be defended as neither a whim nor a vain waste of energy and nervous force. In a generation or two it may be laid aside as no longer necessary, or men may be compelled to resort to it to preserve their supremacy.—[Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine.

A case parallel to Mrs. Miller's is that of Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett. When this clever woman first made her appearance in literary society her costumes and manners were a source of epigrammatic comment. Mrs. Burnett was provincial and she had all the rustic's love for swan's down trimming on her gowns, a display of massive jewelry on her fingers and bosom and a general picturesqueness of attire more fitted for the stage than the parlor. At that time her eccentricities of attire were the more noticeable because she was writing only for country newspapers and third rate magazines. But the people who sneered at Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnet are now at her feet. Her income at present is reasonably near fifty thousand a year, a literary earning which, it may be stated, is larger than that of any other writer in the world, although Mark Twain loudly asserts that his pen brings him thirty thousand a year more.

Consumption

Interesting statistics by a prominent English physician indicate that consumption is very greatly promoted by a damp soil, and its presence has been abated, even to the extent of 50 per cent. where suitable drainage has been introduced. Researches of other physicians, including the well-known Dr. Bowditch of Massachusetts, confirm this conclusion and determine that the amount of moisture in the soil is a fair criterion of the proportion of consumption among the residents. Local causes are becoming more and more disregarded, and the infectious nature of consumption is receiving increased attention from physicians.

IF I WERE A MAN.

By Elizabeth B. Custer.

have been asked to join the recent discussion on what women would do if they were men.

For my part, there are many things!

In the first place, I would be fair and square with my wife and start out by telling her enough of my circumstances to enable her to gauge her domestic and personal expenses by my income. I would be patient with her and teach her to manage an allowance. Without doubt, if a man marries a girl for whom everything has been bought previously, he cannot expect a financier all in a minute.

I know a woman who fell short in making her allowance answer, although she had fixed the sum herself, first one year and then another. She announced to her liege in telling him this fact that "there was danger ahead, a strike was imminent." The man said that every one in these days of anarchy ought to protect themselves against the rising of the masses, even when the first signs were discovered in one small woman. The third year after the increase, the Madame was triumphant and even bought her husband a present, the pleasure of which was not marred by the fact that she had been obliged to go to him for the money.

The papers announce an embezzlement and facetiously call out "where is the woman?" But these occasions where men appropriate other people's money would not be half so frequent—that is, where crime is committed to obtain money to meet the extravagant demands of a wife,—if there were only more fairness on the part of husbands to their better halves. A woman is a good deal of a failure who will not be willing to retrench if her husband reposes sufficient confidence in her to explain reasons for economy.

Again, if I were a man I would not risk the contempt of women by ignorance of things her strength renders it often a physical impossibility to undertake. If my parents had prevented my learning to swim, to ride, to drive, to fire a gun, I would not rest until I had achieved those necessary accomplishments, even in maturer years. I know a man who is way up near the head in literary life who confessed that he was afraid of the water to-day as he was in boyhood but he had been fighting this dread all his life, compelling himself to battle with the waves whenever he was in their vicinity; for he was intensely ashamed of the weakness and believed that no man had a right to live who would not possess himself of this and kindred manly arts.

It is as much a part of a man's duty to learn how to swim that he may rescue lives, to know and be fearless with a horse that he may save imperilled people, or should the bridle or lines be in his own hands, to conquer and control a stubborn or frightened beast, as it is to speak the truth, or be honest in his avocations. In our law-abiding land the use of pistols is rarely necessary, but I would not rest until I knew how to load and manage a weapon and practice at a mark enough at least to "hit the side of a barn" in the words of the old saying. When that rare occasion does come where the accurate shot from a pistol is the only possible alternative, the admiring eyes of women ought to be enough to reward a man for having made himself familiar with fire arms.

If men only knew how we women admire them when they do something which nerve and strength render it a physical impossibility for us, there would be fewer of them who neglect these qualifications for our admiration.

Then, too, if I were a man I would cry. After having won the right to tears by a courageous, successful, self-reliant life, and thereby cleared myself of the accusation of weakness, I would boldly unfurl a large sized hankerchief whenever I felt a coming moisture in my eyes at the play, or listening to music, or to an eloquent sermon; reading a touching story or seeing a pathetic sight. Instead of sniffing, looking up at the ceiling, winking very fast to keep the tears from forming into drops, I would bury my face in my handkerchief and bo-hoo.

A sensible woman is not prodigal of her tears. She sheds them in public only when the deepest fountain of her feeling is moved. If society or public opinion is changed by this timely (!) suggestion, it does not follow that men need plunge wildly into this privilege and cry often, but I contend, that whenever an ordinarily self-contained woman weeps, a man may be allowed also to shed his quota of tears. It is written that "tears are to a man what prayers are to a woman" and thereby we infer that they are too sacred, holy for every day use, but I would see the pathetic places in the play responded to by a courageous display of something trangible to cry on instead of staunching the flow, which is so creditable to a tender heart, by gloves, by surreptitious movements of the fingers, or accurate imprinting of the cane in the midst of a globule that threatens to spatter the breast of a manly coat.

I know a manly man who is under process of reconstruction regarding the briny drops that he has exercised his ingenuity over for years. At one time he casually folded his programme and carelessly held it to his cheek or mildly staunched the flow of tears by moving the paper up and down, as if in a fit of distraction. The result was, when he turned to go home, two deep black furrows made by printers ink, extended from his eyes to his mouth. Then the women with him—women who had faced sorrows, troubles, anxieties, and believed in the relief of tears—said "In mercy's name, do use a handkerchief instead of a programme after this."

The bravest, the most distinguished, the most brilliant men I have ever known have shed tears, and I know that tender hearted women honor them for it and thoroughly believe in the equal distribution of this hitherto one-sided privilege.

Once more, if I were a man I would not be afraid to be seen carrying bundles. He is mistaken if he thinks his manliness is affected, or that the woman who pass him will honor him less.

Every one honors his fearlessness in trying to grasp the hardest object to hold, a round box made glossy and slippery by the highly polished pasteboard of which it is made. It is true the system of delivery from shops and the messenger boy have done away with the constantly recurring necessity for carrying bundles, but there are exigencies such as when a train is to be caught, or the Madame wants to wear something that won't go by the night delivery or some other unforseen circumstance, where a man can confer great pleasure on his wife by taking a box or parcel himself.

The suburban husband is on the high road to perfection in this respect. If one chances to wait a train at the grand central or a boat at the ferry, watch the miles of married men that rush forward to the ticket office and few there are who do not embrace something feminine in the way of a box, bundle or parcel. There is no mistaking that these traps are for the women at home. If the papers that enclose them are not emblazoned with the shop keeper's name, there is a suspicious shaping to the package that proclaims that it is not for men's use. As this army of bread winners troop by in the station or ferry house, I send a flock of blessings out hoping that they will light on the heads of those men who, having been obliged to take their wives to the country for economical living, are going to reward their lonely days by some little token of their appreciation or bring home the bundle of goods which their generous purse had allowed the wife to buy.

And lastly, if I were a man I would keep holidays with my wife. The anniversary of my marriage would be such a marked event she should imagine another wedding day with its festivities had occurred.

A man of refined tastes must be pretty poor if he cannot once a year mark that happy epoch in his life by a bunch of flowers. If he rhymes, he can tell her in verse what he told her in prose the first wedding day. Perhaps if he fights for the leisure time long in advance, he can get a whole day to go off with his wife for a yearly wedding trip. The grind of life is too severe not to render it necessary for men and women to strive to let in a little extra sunshine on the sombre path by marking the birthdays and thea nniversaries, and thus encouraging those amenities that all agree are so soon dropped in matrimonial experience, unless closely watched.—[Ladies Home Journal.

Fun With Peanuts.

A bag of peanuts, some wooden toothpicks, a box of pins and a sharp knife, two or three tiny Chinese parasols and pen and ink for making the faces, are all the materials necessary. These, with a little ingenuity, will make a great variety of peanut people, and almost every kind of animal. A little care and taste in selecting the peanuts will soon show what great adaptability there is in them.

A thick, fat nut, with very little curve near one end, will, with the aid of toothpicks for the legs and pins for the arms, make the "froggy who would a wooing go." Bits of soft dough or putty. Stuck on the the ends of the toothpicks will, if held in one position long enough—that is, until it stiffens—make the feet solid and the queer little creature able to stand alone. Plaster of paris will do even better if it is to be had, as it hardens quickly and will hold the doll firmly in place on the cardboard or thin board used for a foundation.

The pugilists are made in the same way; it is better to fasten them securely to the foundation before putting on the knobs of dough which answer for a set of boxing gloves, as these are rather heavy and the people are apt to topple over if they are fastened on at first.

A long, slim peanut should be selected for "my lady" who goes abroad under the shelter of a gaudy Chinese sunshade. A three-cornered bit of colored paper, stiff enough to hold its shape, may be used for a bonnet by fastening to the head with a bit of glue or paste, while the parasol is held in place with tiny threads and glue if needed. A little experience will show how to manage.

Select the largest and fattest peanut for a boat; cut off about one-third, and fasten securely to the foundation before arranging the occupants. Another sunshade, a bit of blue cloth for a penant, toothpicks for oars, and you have a very amusing toy.

The "little pig who went to market" is easily arranged, as is Little Red Riding-Hood or any other character which chances to please the little ones. One or two trials will show the possiblities of these common materials and will prove most entertaining and amusing.

Cork is another material from which a great variety of creatures may be manufactured. A grinning little darky fashioned out of a champagne cork was made by my steward one time on shipboard, and made no end of amusement. Into the round, roly-poly body were stuck arms and legs cut of smaller pieces of cork and secured to the body with sharpened toothpicks. The eyes, nose and mouth were painted red, making the little creature a frightful caricature but amusing nevertheless.—*Christian Union.*

It is Absurd

For people to expect a cure for Indigestion, unless they refrain from eating what is unwholesome; but if anything will sharpen the appetite and give tone to the digestive organs, it is **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** Thousands all over the land testify to the merits of this medicine.

Mrs. Sarah Burroughs, of 248 Eighth street, South Boston, writes: "My husband has taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for Dyspepsia and torpid liver, and has been greatly benefited."

A Confirmed Dyspeptic.

C. Canterbury, of 141 Franklin st., Boston, Mass., writes, that, suffering for years from Indigestion, he was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla and, by its use, was entirely cured.

Mrs. Joseph Aubin, of High street, Holyoke, Mass., suffered for over a year from Dyspepsia, so that she could not eat substantial food, became very weak, and was unable to care for her family. Neither the medicines prescribed by physicians, nor any of the remedies advertised for the cure of Dyspepsia, helped her, until she commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "Three bottles of this medicine," she writes, "cured me."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Giving Your Photograph.

Learn to say no. There is in that little word much that will protect you from evil tongues. Learn to think that your face is too sacred to decorate the appartment of Tom, Dick or Harry, no matter if each one of the three is one of the pleasantest fellows in the world. When the sun imprinted, in black and white, just how sweet and how dainty you look, it did not mean that the picture should have incense in the shape of tobacco smoke, or dubious praise in the form of a discussion of your points rendered to it. Give away your picture with discretion. Remember that some day will come along the Prince Charming, who will have a right, the right owned by the master of this heart, to ask for the counterfeit presentment of yourself after he knows that he is going to have the real girl for his own. Think how mortified you would be if he should discover that the giving away of your photograph has been almost as general as the invitations to your New Year's party. Think how he will fell if he sees your face looking over the mantel-shelf in Dick's room—Dick whom he knows to be a braggart, and a man for whom he has the utmost contempt! Then just learn to say no. Don't display your photographs to your men friends and you will not have this unpleasant task; but if you should do it and have not the courage to say the little monosyllable, be wise and refer them to papa.

Too Much Flirting.

There is too much flirting among the young people of the present day. Some of them are never so well pleased as when called a flirt, and the style of conversation used by many of them is most disgusting. If in the presence of their parents for a litsle while, they seem to be under the greatest restraint, and they seize the first opportunity to get away by themselves, where they talk the nonsense which they would be ashamed to have any sensible person hear. There is something wrong when such a state of affairs exists, and it seems as if there should be a remedy for it.

A Costly Night-Dress.

It is related that in 1740, when the Princess Mary was married, she had a night-dress made of silver tissue lace, faced up with pink satin, covered with silver Spanish point, very rich and very uncomfortable.

Silver and gold lace originated, it is said, in Geneva. Margaret of Austria introduced serviettes trimmed with gold-lace, and Spanish grandees had the same expensive ornamentation for bed draperies.

A fashionable French lady of a former century spent thousands of francs annually in such costly expenditure, and she is credited with having had her cherry satin corsets trimmed with gold-lace.—[Harper's Bazar.

A Wedding Present

Of practical importance would be a bottle of the only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—which can be had at any drug store. A continuation of the honeymoon and the removal of corns both assured by its use. Beware of imitations.

Window Gardens.

Window boxes filled with luxuriantly growing, free blooming plants will prove things of beauty which will give pleasure to the inmates of the house, the chance guest, and the passer-by.

Plants thrive much better when the pots are sunk in boxes than when kept on shelves or stands, where the sides of the pots are exposed to the sun, which bakes the earth and tender roots. The lover of flowers will find herself well repaid for the time, labor, and money expended in providing these snug receptacles for her plants by the growth, vigor, and lavish bloom they will show.

Our aim is only to tell how to provide some pretty and inexpensive boxes for the better keeping of the plants already housed. But we stop a moment to urge that in each home some bit of greenery should have a place. Because means are limited, choice plants hard to obtain, or the time to be devoted to their care short, the plants which will yield pleasure and carry a bit of summer through the long months of cold and snowstorms should not be given up.

It is far better to have plain boxes filled with easily grown plants than to have none at all. Because Mrs. Highfly has window boxes which are creations of art in pictured tile and carved wood, filled with rare plants and tended by an experienced gardener, is a very poor reason why some one else who happens to be blessed with a lesser share of riches should not try to have the more inexpensive boxes and easier grown flowers within her reach.

It is a happy fact that ordinary flowers can be bought for a trifle, and will grow and bloom so luxuriantly that they will rival the rare exotics in their grand surroundings. The window space at command and the means of the owner will decide to some extent the kind of boxes to be used. Really attractive ones can be made, put in place, and filled for a trifle, and even under the care of an inexperienced hand the plants will yield full return in flowers and foliage.

To make window boxes which will be positively handsome and show no trace of their plebeian origin requires but little skill or artistic ability. The boxes may be made of pine or any kind of inch-thick board. They should be as long as the window is wide, one inch deeper than the largest pot to be put in them is high, and one inch wider than the pot is broad.

Any ordinary carpenter can put the boxes together, but he should be instructed to use screws in place of nails for joining, since if nails are used the seams will soon show unsightly gaps. The top of the box may be finished by a narrow moulding, or by an inch-wide strip of thin board. The carpenter can either fasten it on or only fit it and leave it to be put on later, according to the decorations decided on. It is a good plan to have all window boxes furnished with a zinc lining, but as this adds quite an item to the expense, it may be left out, and the boxes made perfectly water-tight by covering the cracks up the corners and around the bottom on the inside with putty.

When the boxes are ready for decorating, location, the kind of flowers to be grown in them, and the colors in the furnishings of the room where they are to be placed must all be taken into consideration before deciding how they are to be ornamented.

Bright colors should not be used for an entire box, and bright red in quantity should be avoided, unless the box is intended for holding ferns in a north window. Bright green is a color also to be omitted.

The most simple way to finish a box is to stain and oil it. A good staining fluid for imitating walnut is made by adding powdered burnt umber to boiling vinegar until the desired shade is procured. Apply the stain to the wood while hot, using a brush to put it on with, and rubbing off well with a woollen cloth. After the stain has dried in the wood, oil with boiled linseed-oil, rubbing long and well.

A very fine imitation of mahogany may be obtained by rubbing the wood with a solution of nitrous acid, then apply with a soft brush one ounce of dragon's-blood dissolved in about a pint of alcohol, with a third of an ounce of carbonate of soda, mixed and filtered. This will have a great brilliancy of polish. If it becomes marred, it can be restored by the use of a little cold-drawn linseed-oil.

More elaborate effects can be obtained by painting. A pretty box can be made by marking of the ends and sides into three inch-wide perpendicular stripes, and painting with pale blue, creamy brown, very light pink, and soft pale grey, using one color to a stripe, and taking them in the order named. Two coats of paint must be used, and one of varnish, after the last coat of paint is perfectly dry. The stripes must be carried up over the moulding around the top of the box, so that the stripes will show on the upper edge.

Instead of stripes, the box may be marked off into three-inch squares painted with the colors named. The effect is much better than would be imagined.

A very good imitation of a box with tiles set in may be made thus: Mark off the ends and sides of the box. Their will be a square on each end and three or four on the sides. Frame the squares by tacking on narrow flat moulding. Paint the squares inside the moulding any color liked, and further ornament them with figure designs or arabesques; paint the moulding a dark brown.

Another box may be painted a very dark blue all over. On each end and the sides mark circles as large as can be made to leave an inch-wide space between them and at top and bottom. Paint the space inside the circles a creamy white, and on this ground some suitable design. Either figures or small landscapes can be used effectively. They can be easily adapted to the purpose from the designs given in the different art publications. After the painting is perfectly dry, the boxes should have two coats of clear varnish.

If the windows are low, the boxes may be placed on the floor, and should then have casters or small knobs screwed under each lower corner for feet. If the windows do not reach to the floor, the boxes should be raised enough to bring the top of the boxes on a level with the window-sill, or an inch or two below. It should never be so high that the light does not fall evenly over the plants. The boxes may be supported on iron brackets screwed to the wall or furnished with legs.

It is often desirable to keep large single plants on the floor near low windows. These can be provided with small boxes large enough to cover the pots holding them. Such boxes should have casters, so that the plant can be moved easily from place to place. They will be found a great improvement over the unwieldy pot which must be lifted. They may be decorated in any of the ways described.

With the exception of ferns, it is better to keep the plants in pots, and set the pots in the boxes, filling in the spaces with moss or with sand, and covering the tops with growing moss. The plants can be changed without disturbing them, and when one plant gets out of bloom, the pot can be lifted out, and another put in its place.

The plants shoud never be crowded too closely together. It is much more satisfactory to possess a few strong, free-growing plants than three times as many struggling with each other for room to grow.

Some Don'ts For Girls.

Don't encourage young men to call upon you who frequent liquor saloons, billiard parlors, or pool rooms.

Don't notice men who stare at you on the streets, even if it is a well-bred stare. Doubtless they think themselves irresistible and you very much impressed with their appearance.

Don't consider it a sign of your popularity to be accompanied by several escorts whenever you take your walks abroad.

Don't accept promiscuous invitations. It only cheapens you, and may draw you into a circle of acquaintances you will regret having formed.

Don't sanction wine drinking when out to parties or weddings. Your simple act of declining the proffered glass may act as a check upon your companion. Tacit disapproval sometimes does more good than the most eloquent temperance lecture.

Don't marry a drinking man. If the sweet-heart will not give up the dangerous habit, it is very certain the husband will not.

Don't allow men to be familiar with you, to use slang or doubtful expressions in your presence.

Don't make appointments with men, either at a friend's home, in the Park, or at any place but your father's house.

Don't expect to have exclusive use of the parlor for yourself and callers. Others of the family have the same rights as yourself, and your conversation can and ought not to be of so private a nature that the presence of a third person is felt to be a restraint.

Don't rebel if the visits of a certain gentleman are disagreeable to your mother, and she says so. She knows best, and can see faults and deficiencies that your youth and inexperience would never discover.

Don't attempt to copy the manners and dress of your brothers. Nothing so unsexes a woman as masculine ways.

Don't use loud tones in talking, nor call men by their last names without the usual prefix. Men may treat you as a good comrade, but they very rarely marry such girls.

Don't be deceived that men want to raise a family of Amazons. Remember that while men apparently have more license than women, still they expect their wives to be like Cæsar's wife, "beyond reproach."

Don't be ashamed to help mother with the housework. A practical knowledge of bread making, cooking, and the general management of a house is worth more than a smattering of music or painting. To know how to "set" sponge for bread is an accomplishment that no girl need despise, and the kneading of it is grand exercise.

Don't set your mind too much on dress. While it is your duty to look your very best with the means at your command, it is wrong to give so much time and thought to the adornment of your person, while your mind is starving for want of proper food. You need not be a blue stocking, but a good healthy course of reading and thinking is splendid gymnastics for your mental powers.

Don't come down to breakfast in a soiled wrapper, slovenly shoes, "bangs" done up in curl papers, and back hair in a cracker knot on the top of your head. You will never see any one better to dress for than those in the home circle. They are the ones to be cheered by your sweet, wholesome appearance, and not strangers.

In a word, girls, try to be true women, and by so doing you will gain an influence which, like a sweet perfume will shed its fragrance upon all with whom you may be brought in contact.—[Ladies' Home Journal.

To Save Life

Frequently requires prompt action. An hour's delay waiting for the doctor may be attended with serious consequences, especially in case of Croup, Pneumonia, and other throat and lung troubles. Hence, no family should be without a bottle of **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,** which has proved itself, in thousands of cases, the best Emergency Medicine ever discovered. It gives prompt relief and prepares the way for a thorough cure, which is certain to be effected by its continued use.

S. H. Latimer, M. D., Mt. Vernon, Ga., says: "I have found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a perfect cure for Croup in all cases. I have known the worst cases relieved in a very short time by its use; and I advise all families to use it in sudden emergencies, for coughs, croup, &c."

A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middletown, Tenn., says: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once **saved my life.** I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."

"I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," writes E. [illegible], of Palestine, Texas, "believing [illegible] but for its use, I should [illegible]."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

[illegible] Price $1, six bottles, $5.

"Not Bulk, but Business"!

is the way a Western man put it in expressing to a friend his complete satisfaction in the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. So small and yet so effectual, they bid fair to supplant entirely the old-style pill. An ever-ready remedy for Sick and Bilious Headache, Biliousness, Consumption and all blood disorders. Mild in action, wonderful in effect! Put up in vials, convenient to carry. Their use attended with no discomfort! These sterling merits account for their great popularity.

The treacle jug, the buckwheat pancake and the cold wave now form an oligarchy of tremendous power.

IF THOSE WHO WISH TO IMPROVE their personal appearance would, instead of using cosmetics, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, they would find it clear the skin from pimples, and give health and glow to the cheek.

The pirate considers himself a sea king; the detective is generally a sea-king also.

A Cure for Deafness.

There have been many remarkable cures of deafness made by the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the great household remedy for pain, inflammation and soreness, Yellow Oil cures rehumatism, sore throat and croup, and is useful internally and externally for all pains and injuries.

"General Court news"—account of the engagement of one young man to several young women.

THERE NEVER WAS A MEDICINE sold in Canada that accomplished so much in cleansing the system from all Scrofula taint as Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. It strikes at the root of the disease by cleansing the blood.

It is the scissors-grinder who likes to see things dull.

Amherst Acknowledgments.

"I acknowledge the good I received from Burdock Blood Bitters. I had constipation, irregular bowels and accumulation of wind, causing severe pain in my stomach. Two bottles of B. B. B. cured me. It is all you claim it to be." ALLAN A. CLARKE, Amherst, N. S.

The elevator boy has a life that is full of ups and downs; yet when he is at the end of his rope he can raise something.

W. W. McLellan, Lyn P. O., writes: "I was afflicted with Rheumatism, and had given up all hopes of a cure. By chance I saw *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* recommended. I immediatly sent (fifty miles) and purchased four bottles, and with only two applications I was able to get around, and although I have not used one bottle, I am nearly well. The other three bottles I gave around to my neighbors, and I have had so many calls for more, that I feel bound to relieve the afflicted by writing to you for a supply."

Some men work harder to avoid paying an honest debt than they would have to work to earn the money to pay it with.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, *820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Among the Flower Pots.

At this season of the year plants will not be making much growth; they will be getting ready for growth a little later on, says a writer in an exchange. It is well to anticipate this by putting them in the best possible condition to make that growth as effective as possible when it begins. Keep the soil stirred about the plant. This allows the air to enter it, and keeps it sweet and fresh much longer than will be the case where it is allowed to crust or harden over in such a manner as to keep out the air. It also keeps weeds from growing, to say nothing of the better appearance it gives a collection to have it clean and neat. To the lover of flowers there is always something attractive in the appearance of well-stirred, clean soil, probably because he knows that in a very great measure success depends on it, and he takes an active interest in everything which is conducive to the

WELL-BEING OF HIS PLANTS.

A real flower lover enjoys going into the garden in spring and digging among the beds long before a flower thinks of showing itself. One of the best tools to use among your plants is an old-fashioned two-tined fork. It stirs the soil to about the right depth and can be used among the tender roots without injuring them. It is more effective than any of the "weeders" advertised. Turn your plants at least once a week. The sun is not strong enough to draw them much at this season, but by turning them you give all sides a chance to get a little benefit from it. Later on, as the "days begin to lengthen and the sun begins to strengthen," it will be necessary to turn them often, for then they will be making new growth, which, being tender, will be easily drawn to the light. I often get letters in which the question is asked if it injures plants to turn them. "A friend tells me they will not blossom if they are moved," a correspondent writes. Nonsense. They will bloom just as well if you turn them twice a day, and you can't have good, symmetrical plants unless they are turned frequently. Care must be exercised at this season about watering. I think more plants are lost in winter from overwatering than from any other cause. They require but very little now. They are not in active growth, therefore the roots are not

TAKING UP MUCH MOISTURE

from the soil, and on account of lack of strong sunshine, the evaporation from the soil is slight. Make it a rule to water only when the surface of the soil has a dry look and adhere to this rule "through thick and thin," and you will not have a sour, heavy soil in which roots will become diseased. But if you go on watering your plants just as you did in the summer, as so many do, the year through, you will find that many of them will begin to have a sickly look; the leaves will turn yellow and drop, and the buds, if there are any, will blast, and some kinds, like the Chinese Primrose, will rot off close to the soil. Examine the soil in a pot in which a plant has died, and ten times out of a dozen you will find it sour, soggy, wet, with decayed roots all through it. The philosophy is this: While a plant is standing still it cannot take care of much food or water, elements of plant growth. Give too much of either and it is gorged, and a sort of dyspepsia is produced which results in disease or death. Fertilizers should never be given when a plant is trying to rest, for they excite premature growth, which is always dangerous to any plant. It is the same with water. It is only required in large quantities when the plant, by development of new branches, is in a condition to make use of it. Keep the dead leaves picked off. They do not look well, and they injure the plants to a great extent if allowed to remain on and among them. Gather them and burn them

Be Fair to the Boys.

Why is it that in so many families the boys are neglected, while the girls are given the best the parents can afford? The boys are not dressed so well as their sisters, not given the same social advantages, and among the farmers they do not have nearly so good opportunities for getting an education. There are many families where the boys are "got out of the way," to quote from the mother, whenever company is expected to dinner, for fear they may display some awkwardness in handling their napkins, or because of some equally absurd reason; but the girls are nicely dressed and told how they must behave, and given a chance to learn how to appear when company arrives.

I say, such treatment is unfair to the boys, and a boy who does not resent it in thought if not in words, must indeed be very generous. How many boys are there whose first attempts to perform little acts of politeness are received with anything like courtesy? I dare say that nine boys are ridiculed and criticised, where one is politely thanked for the little attention. Yet they are censured for not repeating the attention, and running a risk of being ridiculed.

All mothers want their boys to be well bred and thorough gentlemen; but all mothers are not willing to bestow on them the necessary care and love and patience, that they may become so.

A man who can appear in society without feeling awkward and ill at ease has a great advantage over the man whose early training has deprived him of that power. There are people who could not overlook a breach of good manners, no matter how unintentional it may have been, and the boy who is allowed to grow up with no greater knowledge of polite society than that which is picked up here and there, has cause of complaint against his parents.

Foibles.

After using materials made up partly wrong side out and crosswise, and with the parti-colored edges showing, it does not seem as if there were much chance for the production of anything very startling; but perhaps something might be done by spatterwork with tartaric or citric acid on a complete frock. Borders of small spots in light color, or speckled sleeves with a plain waist or any desired combination, might be produced in this way. It would not be artistic, it would not be even pretty, but it would be odd, and if most women desire anything more in their costume, they fall short of attaining their wishes.

Call it the Hebe, not the Psyche-knot, if you would be truly English. The word affords as many opportunities for mispronunciation as the other. And do not say that you sent a despatch or a telegram, but that you wrote a wire. N. B. If you be a sensible woman you will forget both of these hints. Leave them to ladies' maids and the daughters of ladies' maids.

A London hairdresser gives his customers their choice between calling for a wig or a headdress when they want a combination of frizette for the brow, French twist for the back of the head and a set of puffs for the top of the head. The whole arrangement is declared to be very light, but to call it a headdress seems the height of absurdity.

As if a dotted veil would not produce effects sufficiently funny, an English milliner has introduced one sprinkled with stars, with a crescent so placed as to fall against one cheek of the wearer. The next thing will be the carriage and horses once actually worn as a patch in court plaster, but the veil will do for one season.

A watch case with space for two watches is a toy more useful now than in the days when one watch was enough for a woman. This case is in the shape of a chair, the back and the seat, painted in Watteau designs, with spaces for a watch concealed by each cushion.

A new design for a tea cosey is amusing, although not artistic, and not to be commended to those whose souls are unsatisfied unless continuously fed on the æsthetic. This pattern of cosey is embroidered with a clock face, with the hands pointing to five o'clock, and beneath it is a large "T" worked in gold.

Fifty shillings an ounce was the price paid in England the other day for an Irish toilet service in silver of the time of William and Mary. It was not very highly ornamented, but it sold for $3560. All the glut of silver from all the mines in America cannot alter the price of good work.

Bead trimmings always look as if the wearer had been taking lessons in dress from an Indian squaw, but the pattern of a new Paris mantle of bright brocade, with leather fringes and leather figures stitched upon it, is actually borrowed from Buffalo Bill's Indians, tunics.

Eggs in Their Relation to Easter

Very pretty little gifts, suitable for Easter presents, can be made from egg shells. Pierce each end with an egg drill, and blow out the contents with a little blower that comes for the purpose. Almost any boy interested in making a collection of bird's eggs, you will find possesses these little implements. But if they cannot be procured, pierce each end with a darning needle, and blow out the white and yolk. Paint a little landscape, a spray of flowers, or an appropriate motto on them. Knot some narrow ribbon and run through the shells. They are pretty decorated with "Black Eyed Susans" and knotted with bright yellow and brown ribbon, or "Forget-me-nots" with pale pink or blue.

It was formerly a Swiss custom for the troubadours to stroll through the country, guitars in hand singing and playing their Easter carols, after which they were regaled by the good wives on bread and wine and *colored* eggs which had been prepared expressly for the occasion.

A prominent ancient writer supposes the egg at Easter, "An emblem of the rising up out of the grave, in the same manner as the chick entombed, as it were, in the egg, is in due time brought to life."

That the Church of Rome has considered eggs as emblematical of the Resurrection, may be gathered from the following prayer, "Bless O Lord! we beseech Thee, this thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to Thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to Thee, on account of the resurrection of our Lord."

It isn't always the woman who rises at 9 o'clock in the morning who is the sweetest singer.

THE LUNGS, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels, Skin, &c., act as so many waste gates for the escape of effete and poisonous matter and gases from the body; help them to discharge their duty by using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, the great blood medicine.

B.B.B.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Is a purely vegetable compound, and possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system, and counteracting disordered conditions. It so purifies the blood that it

CURES

All blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivaled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequaled as a cure for all diseases of the

SKIN

From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

DISEASES

Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by the use of B. B. B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, tumors and

SCROFULA

We have unquestioned proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the hidden ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and restore without fail

BAD BLOOD

Liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disordered liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood. We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the *first* bottle, we will refund the money on application personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above-named diseases, on application to FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

LADIES Wanting profitable employment at home, address with stamps. J. TROTTER, 5 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED! Send for illustrated catalogue and terms. Address HEYERS BROS., 87 Church St., Toronto.

No More Bald Heads!

Seven Sutherland Sister's Hair Grower and Scalp Cleaner never fails.

Cannabis Sativa Indian Consumption Remedy!

Thousands are being healed and sending in their testimonials as to its virtues.

DAN TAYLOR & CO., 133 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Sole Agents for Ontario.

CARDS—Send 2-cent stamp for samples of the Finest Visiting Souvenir and Concealed Name Cards ever shown by any card house. HOLDEN BROS. Card Works, 109 Danforth Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY EXAMINATIONS ORAL OR WRITTEN. Mrs. Mendon, 238 McGill Street.

PRICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c a bottle.

Cashmere Dresses.

For best wear, red, blue, gray, green or brown cashmere is selected for young girls. When half worn gowns of this material are re-made they are combined with collars, cuffs, round jacket fronts, belt from the side seams, and, if wished, a skirt border of black or colored velvet. The sleeves are of the leg o' mutton or full coat style, collars are high, round bodices are favored, and full gathered skirts. The latter garments should be hung over a gored lining of the usual shape finished with an outside facing of the goods. If the skirt is long enough to touch the shoes a braid should be used, sewing it flatly against the facing, so as to project below the edge. Gathered, straight skirts are made very full, four widths of 44 inch goods being used for a girl of twelve years.

How to Have a Cheap Garden.

The one great mistake that most persons make in selecting seeds is they select more than they can take care of, or have room for. You want enough to fill your little garden, and to occupy what time you have to devote to it, but no more. Club with your neighbors, and when the seeds come, divide them. In this way you will make the expense lighter, you will be able to get a larger variety, and you will have all the seeds you want, but none to waste, as might be the case if you were to get the whole package for yourself. Though there is no reason why a seed should be wasted, for there are always persons in every neighborhood who would like to grow flowers, but cannot afford to buy seed. Rather give to them what you do not care to use.

Bustles, like kites, are of no earthly use without strings.

IF YOUR BLOOD IS OUT OF ORDER, or if you feel languid and bilious, try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and you will find it one of the best preparations in the market for such complaints.

THE WINNERS

— IN THE —

Ladies' Journal Competition,

No. 24.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the rewards named below. The questions were: Where in the Bible are the three following words first mentioned :—MOTHER, SISTER, BROTHER?

Answers—Mother, Genesis second chapter and twenty-fourth verse; Sister, Genesis fourth chapter and twenty-second verse; Brother, Genesis fourth chapter and second verse.

If there is no province given after a name and place it is to be understood that Ontario is meant. We make this explanation to avoid repetition.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1st. One Upright Piano, Catherine P. Wright, London East; 2nd Cash, Kate J. Lucas, Niagara Falls New York; 3 (cash) Mrs C Lawrence, Bridgewater N S; 4 (cash) C W Saratos, Edenaburg Pa; 5 (cash) B M Laing, Brookfield Mass. The next 35, each, a Lady's Fine Gold Watch. 1 Mrs. David Carrier, Charlotte St Fredericton N B; 2 R Stewart, Lachute P Que; 3 A B Lane, Montreal; 4 Julia Paris, Calgary N W T; 5 Martha Pratt, Victoria B C; 6 Gertie Pratt, Victoria B C; 7 Jos Kelly, Meadville Pa; 8 Arthur Kelly, Meadville Pa; 9 Jno Cornish, Victoria B C; 10 Sarah Cornish, Victoria B C; 11 Martha Cornish, Victoria B C; 12 J Hirch, Bridgewater N S; 13 Louisa Hirch, Bridgewater N S; 14 Peter Carledonia, Annville Pa; 15 C M Smith, Barrington; 16 J Whelan, Park River Dak; 17 Stephen E Tupper, Liverpool N S; 18 Annie L Silver, Liverpool N S; 19 Laura Grier, Clurry Valley P E I; 20 Annie Grier, Clurry Valley P E I; 21 P Hale, Halifax N S; 22 C Andrews, St John N S; 23 J M Lister, St John N S; 24 P Barnard, Metlaka B C; 25 F Maston, Cooksville; 26 B Porter, Sydney C B; 27 K M Caston, Fairmeda N W T; 28 J Spry, Pense City N W T; 29 F L Kyle, Middle River N S; 30 B McShae, Iona Mich; 31 O James, Brompton Eng; 32 M Mullett, Blackrod Ireland; 33 Laura Mullett, Blackrod Ireland; 34 Harriet Mullett, Blackrod Ireland; 35 H Hayter, Dimorestville, New York. To the next 75, each, a beautiful Tea Set or Service, China, about 100 pieces, 1 Octave Seager, Chatham; 2 Mrs P B Carle, Truro N S; 3 A McKinnon, Durham; 4 Mary Smith, Coleman; 5 Thos Copeland, Campbellton N B; 6 Saml Helm, Platteville; 7 Mrs Jno Gardener, Mt Forest; 8 Robt Henry, Prescott; 9 Nellie S Wright, 8 Lawrence St Rochester N Y; 10 Ed Eddington, Thamesville; 11 Wm Buckland, Wiarton; 12 Mr M A Johnston, Feild; 13 Jennie West, Monteith Man; 14 Mrs Jno Malloy, King Creek; 15 Alex McGregor, Sarnia; 16 Rebecca Harper, Stevensburg N Y; 17 Alex Arnold, Ivy; 18 Mary Moran, Orangeville; 19 Mrs M J Reed, Niles Ohio; 20 Hattie M Blackwall, Parkes; 21 J Ware, St John N Fld; 22 C C Ware, St John N Fld; 23 Carrie Ware, St John N Fld; 24 M Lausin, Kamloops B C; 25 Dora Laffin, Kamloops B C; 26 Frank Lausin, Kamloops B C; 27 P Parsons, Niagara Falls; 28 M Hotckiss, Niagara Fall; 29 C Westmore, London; 30 F Ranger, Jameston; 31 Paul Barker, Thorold; 32 Jane Barker, Thorold; 33 K F Lamstown, St Catherines; 34 Mary Lamstown, St Catherines; 35 Miss Ransom, John St N Hamilton; 36 Jas Cavil, Little Metis P Que; 37 Mrs Joel E Harris, Hillsboro N B; 38 Miss Daguid, Montreal; 39 Adam Parmette, Unionville; 40 C Post, York; 41 M A Kare, York Mills; 42 C F Lanston, W Toronto Junction; 43 A M Lanston, W Toronto Junction; 44 H Davidson, Windsor; 45 Chas Dixon, Bothwell; 46 Emma Dealy, Windsor; 47 D F Forbes, Marsden; 48 C A Carter, Hyle; 49 M Parsins, Cannington; 50 D Dandas, Caledonia; 51 David Paine, Niagara Falls; 52 Jas Yarcy, Ottawa; 53 F Yarcy, Ottawa; 54 D M Yarcy, Ottawa; 55 M Mitson, N Hamilton; 56 Martha Langdon, Dundas; 57 B Barnes, Berlin; 58 Lottie Barnes, Berlin; 59 Jas Cole, Toronto; 60 Edward Cole, Toronto; 61 W Prince, Pt Huron Mich; 62 M A Prince, Pt Huron Mich; 63 S Auger, Ottawa; 64 M Laston Kingston; 65 D Forbes, Gananoque; 66 K L Laing, Peterboro; 67 M Laing, Peterboro; 68 D D Dixon, Hamilton; 69 C Campden, Dundas; 70 F Bateman, Hamilton; 71 W Ward, Parkerville; 72 Mrs Fox, Barrie; 73 George Fox, Guelph; 74 T Caro, Guelph; 75 M Geddes, Galt. Next 105, each, a superbly bound Volume of Dore's Bible Gallery.—1 W R Wood, Moore; 2 Sarah Eastman, Manda Man; 3 Mrs M M Bull, Upham Sta N B; 4 E J Mac Alister, Protectionville New Brunswick; 5 Kate Corfield, Corfield B C; 6 Mrs T Lowrie, Fort Gratiot Mich; 7 Mrs C E Cartwright, 62 Windsor Ave Brambletown Va; 8 Jno C Jack, Bognor; 9 E Hockley, Woodstock; 10 J James, Dunbar; 11 C F James, Dunbar; 12 B Byrnes, W Toronto Junction; 13 J Butcher, Braconndale; 14 F Bacon, Woodstock; 15 D D Booker, City; 16 Edna Booker, City; 17 P Hopkins, Scarboro Junction; 18 F L Lumden, Scarboro Junction; 19 C J Jones, East Toronto; 20 M F Smith, East Toronto; 21 D Caster, Barrie; 22 M M Bayne, Collingwood; 23 George Bayne, Collingwood; 24 Jno. Campbell, Guelph; 25 Eda Riddle, Guelph; 26 Mary Helm, Sandwich; 27 Maggie E Arnill, Thompson; 28 Clarissie Corfield, Corfield B C; 29 Mrs Thos F Eyre, Chiselhurst; 30 Mrs A Campbell, King Creek; 31 Mrs Jas Karr Jr, Warwick; 32 Mary Williams, Musselboro; 33 Mina Shorts, Hilton; 34 Peter Buchanan, Beachburg; 35 Annie Smith, Garden Island; 36 Mrs J B Nichol, Piper City; Ill; 37 Mrs J W Bacon, Enderby B C; 38 Mrs Robt Steadman, Blandford; 39 Ella McCollam, Cashmere; 40 Lottie Green, N Dock Peleo Island; 41 Elma Shoff, Perry N Y; 42 M E W, Tennant; 43 Wm McFarlane, S Ryegate Vt; 44 E Reynard, Caraquet N B; 45 Maggie Smith, La Chute P Que; 46 Jane Lawson, 68 W Lodge Ave Parkdale; 47 H Grant, Beaverton; 48 Katie Green, 43 Cartwright St London; 49 M J Holden, N Westminster B C; 50 E A Johnston, Smiths Falls; 51 Mrs H A Roney, Brighton; 52 Wm Brandon, Orillia; 53 Mrs Geo J Cook, Ingersol; 54 D Johnston, Belwood; 55 Mrs S W Mason; Bowmanville; 56 David Muir, Whitby; 57 Mrs Wm Burt, Pickering; 58 Mrs J Johnson, Oshawa; 59 Clara Daniels, Oshawa; 60 James E Matson, Markdale; 61 Mrs Jos Hawkins, Pembroke; 62 Mrs McMaster, 177 Hargrave St Win Man; 63 Sam Smith, 190 Ross St Win Man; 64 J E Maybee, Kingsville; 65 Hugh D Johnson, Strathroy; 66 Mrs F G Bowley, Napperton; 67 R S Fenton, Brantford; 68 A E Leaves, 688 Colborne St London; 69 Mrs J Savage, Newmarket; 70 Sarah Hart, 232 Jarvis St City; 71 Mrs Julius Greake, Rosseau; 72 Mrs E Runnels, Shakespeare; 73 Lizzie Inglis, Teeswater; 74 Mrs H W Healy, London; 75 Alice Eccles, Watford; 76 A R Foster, Tara; 77 E J Lifton Seaforth; 78 J D Walters, Listowel; 79 Mrs J Spera, Stoney Creek; 80 Mrs D L Campbell, Barrie; 81 Berta Storey, Stratford; 82 Adelaide Sylvester, Tedford; 83 Mrs H Ralph, Wallaceburg; 84 Jos Hunter, Teeswater; 85 C B Coventry, Owen Sound; 86 Mrs Wm Boyd, 70 Mile House Clinton B C; 87 Geo Holman, Streetsville; 88 Lillie Gray, Stoney Creek; 89 Mrs Jno Bracken, St Catherines; 90 Mrs G Harvey, Olinda; 91 Mrs L Butler, Simcoe; 92 Thos Thorn, Thamesville; 93 Robt Lawson, 68 W Ave Lodge Parkdale; 94 F S Stocking, 32 St Louis St Quebec Que; 95 Robt B Calkin, Moncton N B; 96 Wm Greenfield, Amherst N S; 97 Jas Gastello, Moncton N B; 98 Elizabeth S Peden, 176 McLaren St Ottawa; 99 Allie Hopkin, Orono; 100 L M Mumby, Scarboro; 101 L A Dean, Newpark; 102 V Gallagher, Brinston Cors; 103 A M Eaton, Lower Conrad Cornwallis N S; 104 Mrs M A Allwood, 383 Pleasant St Fall River Mass; 105 Mrs Katie B Webb Ossanville Me.

Next 25, each, a lady's fine open face or Hunting Case Watch. 1 Elias Smith, Clarks; 2 Carrie E Haskin, Sand Bay; 3 E M Fraser, Belmont P E I; 4 Jane Helliwell, Brantford; 5 J Johnston, Montreal; 6 K Johnston, Montreal; 7 L Larison, London; 8 Mr Marsden, Hamilton; 9 K D Parker, Hamilton; 10 L Marston, Port Royal; 11 J D Baine, Burlington; 12 M Logan, Oakville; 13 C D Ferguson, Milton; 14 N Lake, Cainsville; 15 K Robinson, Niagara Falls; 16 Jas Robinson, Niagara Falls; 17 M Hayden, Niagara Falls N Y; 18 Cora Young, Youngstown N Y; 19 C F Lastone, Montreal; 20 M Lartor, Moncton N B; 21 B C Saunders, Charlottetown P E I; 22 M M Sadie, Fortress Quebec; 23 Jas Patton, Meadville Pa; 24 Wm Patton, Meadville Pa; 25 Maggie Patton, Meadville, Pa. Next 41, each, a lady's heavily gold plated locket. 1 Flora Gay, Bayfield P E I; 2 E F Drakeley, Morrisonville Wis; 3 Mrs S A Emerson, Moulton Sta; 4 Jno Gaerk, Kilworthy; 5 M E Quinton; Blantyre; 6 Janet McDougall, White Oak; 7 Mrs Wm Kerry, Elon Grove; 8 Jas N Jacquer, 130 Henderson Ave Ottawa; 9 Mrs J A Boyd, St Stephen N B; 10 Addie Sheppard, 4 Bishop St City; 11 Mrs E Brown, Bracondale; 12 E Mills, Guelph; 13 Mrs T S Johnson, Hepworth; 14 Millie Langille, Tatamagouche N S; 15 Jas H Garbutt, Liverpool N S; 16 Mrs J B Galloway, Ingersoll; 17 Margt Austin, Simcoe; 18 Maggie McLean, Arkona; 19 Mrs W H Fleming, Elgin; 20 Mrs H Pennell, Picton; 21 Wm McKeith, Cardinal; 22 Mrs Geo W Clark, Kelvin; 23 Mrs G H Walkey, Hanover; 24 Mrs B W Bentley, Gallide; 25 Mrs Wm Shillington, Blenheim; 26 Fred Smith, Amherstburg; 27 Mrs J Astleford, Ridge. 28 L. C. Bogart, Newmarket; 29 Geo. Swallows, Wallaceburg 30 Ida E. Baker, Lambeth; 31 Agnes McEiderry, Glencoe; 32 Lucy Curtis, Mt. Brydges; 33 Lizzie Galbraith, Lindsay; 34 K. Hatley, Orillia; 35 Eva Marsales Mt. Forest; 36 Mrs. J. W. Lripp, Simcoe; 37 J. C. Warnnington, Simcoe; 38 Millie McIntyer, 10 Hope St; 39 Martha Willson, Pickering; 40 Mrs. Alex. Turnbull, Cranston; 41 Mrs. Jas. Jameson, Honey wood.

Next 40, each, a Lady or Gentleman's solid Gold Chased or Stone Set Ring. 1 Mrs. P. Johnson. Collinsville; Conn; 2 Mary McPherson, Torch Lake Mich; 3 Bell McAlpine, Cass City Mich; 4 Jno. McCoffery, Carlisle N. Dak; 5 David Dorward, Amadore Mich; 6 Isaac Sills, Blessington; 7 Mrs. Chas. Copping, Rawdon Que; 8 Annie Milberry, Brooklyn; N S; 9 Mrs. S. Green, W. Stockholm N Y; 10 Mrs. E. F. Buchanan, Coos, N H; 11 Caroline Brown, Beachburg; 12 Arthur A. Dightman, Milton Me; 13 Eliz'h Gilmour Mississippi Sta; 14 Frank Presler, Saville N Y; 15 Mrs. Jno. Martin, Waterford; 16 Mrs. Bevington, 139 Ordance St. Kingston; 17 Alex. Watson, 69 Ulster St., City; 18 E. M. Tibbits, Andover N B; 19 Agnes Hood, Thornbury; 20 Chas. B. Campbell, 446 Prospect Ave. Buffalo N Y; 21 Eliza Quantus, Prescott; 22 Maggie A. Larocque, Lancaster; 23 Jas. Bennett, 35 Elm St. Kingston; 24 Ella E. Newcomb, Cornwallis N S; 25 Mrs. Jas. Simmond Dartmouth N S; 26 Mrs. Jas. 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Next 100, each, Lady's Fine Gold Moonstone Pins or Brooches, 1 Robt McKay, Jr, Pilot Mound Man; 2 Geo Vollay, Vancouver B C; 3 D H Briggs, Stanton Mich; 4 L L Shields, Manitou Man; 5 Mrs C Whiteman, Holmfield Man; 6 Katie Leary Peterboro 7 Mrs R Bruce, Lawrence Mass; 8 Lizzie Robinson, 227 Bathurst St; 9 Mrs C Smith, Vancouver B C; 10 Mrs Geo Pollay, Vancouver B C; 11 Mrs J W Lawrence, Port Ryese; 12 R D Browne, Washington Gulch Montana; 13 Mrs Thos Stephenson, Highland Creek; 14 Maggie S Trye, Sparton; 15 Mrs Thos Baily, Cardinal; 16 Daniel Grant, Meaghers Grant N S; 17 James Gibson, Allendale Ontario; 18 Jas A Hosey jr, Napanee; 19 Cassie Baxter, Stellarton N S; 20 Mrs Jno Wright, Virden Man; 21 Annie McDonnel, Manitou Man; 22 Mrs Thos J Gray, Westville N S; 23 Ada L G Brown, Stayner; 24 Kate Richmond, 335 Ontario street city; 25 Mrs C L Charrest, Carberry Manitoba; 26 E McGill, Grande Mere Que; 27 Chas Cunningham, Tomales Cal; 28 Ed Mitchell, Stellarton N S; 29 Mrs. W E Burton, Napanee; 30 Mrs. Hy Hilton, Yarmouth N S; 31 Lizzie Clark, St John N B; 32 Emma Tresidder, 93 St Antoine St Montreal Que; 33 Mrs W Perrin, Clerendon St N B; 34 Mrs Wm H Tilley, Norway; 35 Mrs Ed Roberts, Riverdale W Shefford Que; 36 Mary A Hall, Stoketon P Que; 37 Robt Bapon, Doncaster; 38 Mrs W L Anderson, Brampton; 39 Ella Clark, Carriboo N S; 40 Mrs S A Young, Brantford; 41 Irene Nelson, Elsinore Ontario; 42 M M Nelson, Elsinore Ontario; 43 Ida Dennie, Luton; 44 Katie Fawkes, Pickering Wis; 45 Y G Barclay, Black River Falls; 46 Mrs A Gillies, Stoney Mountain Man; 47 W G Evans, Bowmanville; 48 C Coughlan, Campbellton P E I; 49 M J Boyle, Oxford Mills; 50 Mrs P Kundson, Fish Creek Win; 51 Minnie McNaughton, Merriston; 52 E Holmes, 12 Farley Ave City; 53 Mrs H Patterson, Temperanceville; 54 Mrs J L Brown, Rat Portage; 55 Geo Hanna, Gladstone Man; 56 Wm Robinson, Thomasburg; 57 Mrs I Boskill, Stoney Mountain Man; 58 M J Campbell, Brussels; 59 Mrs G McGlashan, 58 St Hypolite St Montreal Que; 60 Jennie Gordor, 484 St James St Montreal; 61 Nellie R. 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Next 65, each, ½ doz. triple Silver Plated Table Spoons.—1 F H Hui, Belleville; 2 Mrs G H Harrison, Ivanhoe; 3 Isaac Mouldey, Cataraque; 4 M A Bannerman, Dunkerron; 5 Lottie M Lockhart, Bowmanville; 6 A B Van Slyck, Morven; 7 M J Grant, Bradford; 8 W R Hill, Beeton; 9 Lizzie Jardine, Ellesmere; 10 Mrs Robt Wade, Cor James and Main St Hamilton; 11 N May, Harding St Marys; 12 Jas Green, 32 Fort St Montreal; 13 Mrs Hy Dickont, Ionia Mich; 14 Mrs A Forbes, 8 Juror St Montreal Que; 15 Mrs J A Ball, 780 Palace St Montreal Que; 16 A Lindsay, 60 Duke St Montreal Que; 17 Jos F Sharp, 72 Douglas St Victoria B C; 18 Mrs Jennie Lilley, 422 St Dominique St Montreal; 19 Mrs A Hess, Winchester Springs; 20 Mrs G C Arless, 261 St James St Montreal Que; 21 W. H. Perkins, Smiths Falls; 22 Geo H Nirne, Virden Man; 23 D R. 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Scott, Milton; 63 Mrs Geo Jones, Bay Mills, Mich; 64 Mrs Harvey Magee, Orillia; 65 Marian Gray, Meaford.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight;—Pianos, $20; Cabinet Organs, $5; Sewing Machines, $2; Tea Services, $1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses $1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches, and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, $1.00; Family Bibles 50c.

It isn't always the pasture with the highest fence that can feed the largest herd of cattle.

The turnpike is content to remain a turnpike; it does not wish it were the elegant vehicle that rolls over it.

Jealousy is said to be the offspring of love; yet unless the parent make haste and strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent. —J. C. Hare.

A true sarcasm is like a sword stick; it appears at first sight to be much more innocent than it really is, till, of a sudden, there leaps something out of it,—sharp and deadly and incisive,—which makes you tremble and recoil.—Sydney Smith.

PURE BLOOD helps to improve the complexion. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery permeates, clears up, and removes every impurity from the blood, and tones the whole system and relieves Dyspepsia.

Coughs, Colds, Croup.

Allen's Lung Balsam was introduced to the public after its merits for the positive cure of such diseases had been fully tested. It excites expectoration and causes the Lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus; changes the secretions and purifies the blood; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive organs; brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect that **it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time**, if not of too long standing. It contains no opium in any form and is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by consumption when Allen's Lung Balsam will prevent it if only taken in time. For Consumption, and all diseases that lead to it, such as Coughs, neglected Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and all diseases of the Lungs, ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM is the Great Modern Remedy. For Croup and Whooping Cough it is almost a specific. It is an old standard remedy, and sold universally at 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle. The 25-cent bottles are put out to answer the constant call for a Good and Low-Priced COUGH CURE. If you have not tried the Balsam, call for a 25-cent bottle to test it.

Allen's Lung Balsam

A Cure or no Pay.

All diseases arising from a deranged liver, or from impure blood, as boils, blotches, pimples, scalp disease, scrofulous sores and swellings and consumption (which is lung-scrofula) in its early stages, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or the money paid for it will be promptly returned. Sold by druggists under a duly executed certificate of guarantee from the manufacturers.

It is said that "men are the architects of their own fortunes." This explains why so many of them fail, for but few get beyond the nave.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

Gabby—"How did you get that dreadful cold?" Snuffleton—"In the natural way, stoopid! S'pose I advertised for plans and specifications?"

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there, is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

You haven't heard anything until you have heard both sides, says a writer. This may be very pretty logic, but the brass drum refutes it.

The great majority of so-called cough cures do little more than impair the digestive functions and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it cures the cough, does not interfere with the functions of either stomach or liver.

It has been discovered that kisses—love kisses, we mean—are full of electricity. Now we know why old maids have always called kissing shocking!

C. A. Livingstone, Plattsville, says:—"I have much pleasure in recommending *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

"Got a stiff neck, George?" "Yes." "Cold?" "No; a pretty girl sat a few seats behind me in the theatre last night, and I had to turn round so often, you know."

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause, Give it a trial and be convinced.

If it were only as easy for a man to understand a woman as it is to love her there wouldn't be any "Is Marriage a Failure?" going the uneven rounds of the press.

He Yielded to Persuasion.

"For years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst forms, and after trying all means in my power to no purpose, friends persuaded me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, which I did, and after using five bottles I was completely cured." NEIL MCNEIL
Leith, Ont.

Teacher (holding up in oratorical colors the horrors of intemperance)—"Now, boys, look at me. Why don't I drink?" Boy on back seat—"'Cos you ain't got the rocks."

The Candid Truth.

I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil this winter for the first time for croup and I must say I find no better remedy for it. MINNIE REID, Listowel, Ont. Yellow Oil is a specific for croup and sore throat; it never fails.

Wife (to husband at the end of a spat)—"The fools ain't all dead yet." Husband—"They ain't, eh?" Wife—"No, or I would have the amount of your insurance policy before this."

A lifetime of torture is often endured by the rheumatic. Their pangs may, however, be promply relieved and the disease eradicated with *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, which is, moreover, a swift and thorough remedy for neuralgia, lame back sores, bruisets, frost bite, corns, excoriated nipples, inflamed breasts, liver complaint, and all affections of the breathing organs.

Miss Laura—"What a remarkably quiet young man Mr. Timmins is. Yabsley—"Do you think so? You ught to hear him eat once!"

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. After having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this receipt in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.

She scolds and frets,
She's full of pets,
She's rarely kind and tender;
The thorn of life
Is a fretful wife—
I wonder what will mend her?

Try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Ten to one, your wife is cross and fretful because she is sick and suffering, and cannot control her nervousness when things go wrong. Make a healthy woman of her and the chances are you will make a cheerful and pleasant one. "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for woman's peculiar ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottles, $1. Six for $5.

An exchange asks: Why doesn't society substitute morning coffees for afternoon teas for a change? This is probably said in mockery.

The pangs endured by the early Christian matryrs were no doubt excruciating, but not so prolonged or scarcely more dreadful than those experienced by the sufferers from inflammatory rheumatism—a disease which is easily curable at the outset with *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*—a sovereign remedy for pain—a reliable curative of kidney, liver and other complaints, and a medicine of the purest as well as the most salutary kind.

"Nations are like individuals," says an orator. Not much. You never hear an individual complaining about the size of his surplus.

Thomas Robinson, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writes:—"I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried many remedies without any relief. I got a bottle of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, and found it gave me instant relief, and since then have had no attack. I would recommend it to all."

There is sure to be something serious on foot when a man goes to the chiropodist's office.

Would not be Without it.

Sirs,—We have used your Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for severe coughs and colds and can recommend it to be just what it is represented to be. We would not be without it. H. SAMNE,
Cataract, Ont.

The exercise of forbearance is harder exercise than taking a twenty-mile walk.

TWO BOTTLES CURE FEMALE COMPLAINTS of some years' standing. So writes a lady from Syracuse, who had tried almost everything, and when she commenced taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery she could not stand on her feet but a few minutes at a time, and she can now walk three miles without any trouble.

The girl who has the strongest will is the girl who says the strongest won't

First and foremost among external curatives of pain is *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. Nor is it less esteemed as a remedy for coughs, pains, swellings, corns, bunions, etc. It is an economic as well as inexpensive article, since the results produced by it necessitate the use only of a small quantity.

Many a youthful scion of wealth is dependent on papa labor.

Let quality, not quantity, be the test of a medicine. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the concentrated extract of the best and purest ingredients. Medical men everywhere recommend it as the surest and most economical blood medicine in the market.

It discourages a young mustache to be called down.

Swimming Niagara.

Is an easy way to end life, and suffering dyspepsia to exist is an easy way to make it miserable. Taking Burdock Blood Bitters is any easy way to cure dyspepsia and it never fails to thoroughly tone and strengthen the entire system at the same time.

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A Man Without Wisdom Lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of Man, containing Facts For Men of All Ages! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged and Young Men. Proven by the Sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible and instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to Invalids who are weak and nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics, and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science Subjects. Also gives a description of Specific No. 8, The Great Health Renewer; Marvel of Healing and Koh I noor of Medicines. It largely explains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained The Book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand and follow our views, there would be a world of Physical, intellectual and moral giants. This Book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. The book of Lubon, the Talisman of Health! Brings bloom to the cheeks, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the Wise and Otherwise. Lubon's Specific No. 8, the Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowded with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men have felt the power and testified to the virtue of Lubon's Specific No. 8. All Men Who are Broken Down from over-worked or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read this Valuable Treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage. Address all orders to M. V. LUBON, room 15,60 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

Literature in the Kitchen.

There was once a woman who had the strongest faith in the value of home missions. She put a contribution for the conversion of the heathen in the plate at church once or twice a year. She belonged to several boards of ladies who managed charities, and she read a great deal of literature written to show just what was wrong with society, and just how it should be set right. But all the while, she confided to her husband, she was more interested in domestic missions then in any one of these stirrings after a general millennium, and her principal mission station was in her own kitchen.

"Now, you know," she said, to that sympathetic person, who used to listen to reports of mission work after dinner, "that there are several members of our board who are greatly interested in the question of improving the tenements. They are trying to get new ones built where there will be lace curtains and pots of geraniums at the window, which will elevate the tenants and set a standard of beauty and cleanliness for them. I think it's a very good idea, and I mean to apply it in my own kitchen."

In course of time there were hung at her kitchen windows little curtains of dotted muslin that could be easily washed, and though no geraniums were put on the window-sill, because they would be in the way there, there were two pots of fresh scarlet and green in cheap swinging iron brackets that could be turned out of the way when the window was raised. Three or four small rocking-chairs that cost but little had their tops tied with bows of bright ribbon, and across the mantel was a strip of crash with a bit of outline needle-work upon it. The missionary reported that this has as good an effect in the kitchen as it possibly could have in tenements, that the maids had begun to pin up on the walls some of the prints from the magazines, and that they had bought two more pots of flowers and a canary. Pursuing this idea farther, the missionary bought a book-shelf, and filled it with books.

"I observe," said she, "that all people who follow an industry are supplied o. supply themselves with the literature of their trade. But no one supplies house-servants with books to tell them how to improve their service, and yet most of them know how to read."

So she bought several cook-books, including Juliet Carson's, and books of advice to young house-keepers, and books that tell how to live on five hundred a year, and selections from the large supply of excellent matter that experienced housewives write for the benefit of those less experienced, and finally she subscribed to a magazine devoted to such matters. It was suddenly revealed to her that the mistresses had been reading these things all the time, while those who were in far greater need of instruction never had an opportunity to improve their minds. This literature had not the sudden success of a Virginia authoress's novel, but in course of time the gay bindings and pictures attracted attention, and the book-shelf got patronage. The effect was not long in appearing. The magazine was looked forward to and read with interest, and a thousand new suggestions as to possible ways of doing and improving their work were gathered and acted upon.—[Harper's Bazar.

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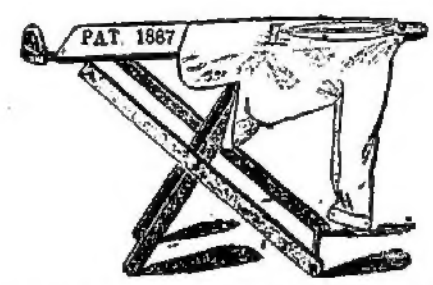

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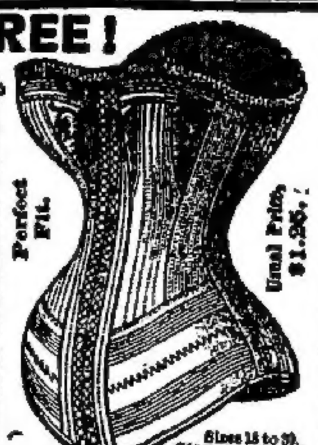

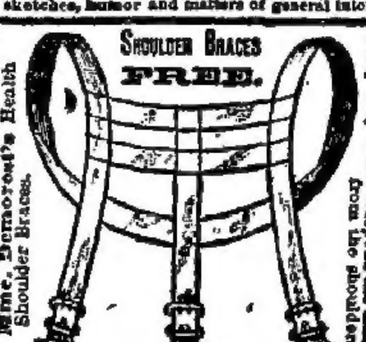

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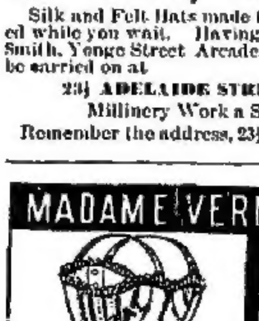

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Wanted Agents

For the "HANDY" BUTTON. Sample Card for 10 cents, or trial Box of 12 Cards 75 cents, by mail prepaid. Also the "ARTISTIC" TIDY HOLDER and Draping Pins. Best and most complete Holder ever made for all tidies and all furniture. Heavily plated, bright and attractive. Agents without experience make money. Sample pair for 15 cents, sent by mail.
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CASSGREEN MFG CO.,
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When Dancing is Wrong.

It's all very well to say there is no harm in dancing. There isn't. But there is harm in having about you, a sweet pure girl, kept as much as possible from the wickedness of the world, the arm of a man who may be a profligate, and notpossess the first instinct of a gentleman. He may, as you say, dance divinely, but even for a partner in a round dance, more than that is necessary. My little girl, dancing indiscriminately will teach you to forget how to blush, and with that knowledge departs one of your greatest charms. Dance, sing and be merry, but remember, not only does the world judge us by the company we keep, but just as you and I are made better and nobler by being with those who are true and good, so we are insensibly made meaner and poorer in heart and brain when we consort with those of less degree in morals.

Work and Worth are twin brothers.

Only those who keep house can understand what it is to entertain visitors.

When plants bud and flower beautifully in cold, dark cellars, then will happiness develop and abound in selfish hearts and homes.

FAT ● FOLKS ●

using "Anti-Corpulence Pills" lose 11lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.

Winter Sale

Of Berlin Wools and Fancy Goods

Berlin Wools, all colors, single and double, 8c per oz.
Shetland and Andalusian Wools, all colors, 10c per oz.
Baldwin's Best Fingering Wools, all colors, 10c a skein, $1.5° per lb.
Baldwin's Best Saxony Wool, all colors, 10c a skein, $1.50 per lb.
Peacock Fingering Wool, superior quality, $1.60 per lb.
Crewel Wool, all the new shades, 35c per doz. skeins.
Ice Wool, all the new shades, 10c per ball.
All our wools are made specially for us, and we guarantee them the very best.
Embroidery Silks, all colors, 10c per doz. skeins.
Wash Silks, guaranteed to wash, 45c per doz.
Filoselle, 100 shades, best quality, 4c and 5c a skein.
Arrasene, in all colors, best quality, 25c per doz.
Macrame Cord, ½ lb. balls, 15 colors, 10c a ball
Felt, all new colors, best quality, 75c and $1 per yard.
Pompons, 15 styles, 50 colors, 20c per doz. up.
Woollen Java Canvas, all colors, 45c per yard.

As we have a large stock of stamped goods on hand, which have only lately arrived they will be offered at the following low prices:
Toilet Sets, 5 pieces, all fringed, figures or flowers, 35c per set.
Night Dress Bags, all fringed figures and flowers, 40c and 45c each.
Stamped Splashers, newest designs, 40c each.
Carving and Tray Cloths, suitable designs, 40c 50c and 60c each.
Sideboard Scarfs, 18x62, suitable designs, 75c each.
Also Comb and Brush Bags, Tidies, Table Scarfs, Chair Covers, etc., etc.

A Special Discount of 10 per cent will be allowed off all purchases of $5 or over.

Letter orders will receive prompt and careful attention, and goods can be sent, via parcel post, to any part of Canada. Our Price List will be sent free to any address.

Henry Davis,

DIRECT IMPORTER,

232 Yonge st., Toronto.

100 SONGS for a 2 cent stamp. Home, Toronto, Ont., C.

WEAK MEN and **WOMEN** can quickly cure themselves of **Wasting Vitality, Lost Manhood,** from youthful errors, etc., **quietly at home.** Book on all private diseases sent free (sealed). Perfectly reliable. Over 30 years' experience. Address—**GILDED PILL CO., TORONTO, Canada.**

LADIES our "Relief for Women" is safe and always reliable; better than Ergot, Oxids, Tansy or Pennyroyal Pills. Insures regularity. Send for particulars. Address **GILDED PILL CO., TORONTO, Canada.**

BEARDS FORCED on smoothest faces, hair on baldest heads, in 30 to 90 days. Magic. Latest and greatest achievement of modern science! Most wonderful discovery of the age. Like no other preparation! Magical, sure, almost instantaneous in action! Boys with whiskers! Bald heads "haired"! Curious spectacles, but positive truths. Only genuine article in market, and certain to give absolute satisfaction. Guaranteed. Price $1 a bottle, or three bottles for $2. Each bottle lasts one month. Address A. DIXON, Box 256, TORONTO, CANADA.

MADAME GIOVANNANI'S PREPARATIONS.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR A preparation that will permanently remove superfluous hair without injury to the skin. Warranted. Price $1.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS permanently removed in from 10 to 30 days. Warranted. Price for 30 days treatment, $1

ANTI-CORPULENCE PILLS For those people whose embonpoint is a matter of solicitude, whether because it is uncomfortable or unfashionable—FAT FOLKS using "ANTI-CORPULENCE PILLS" lose 14 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness; contain no poison, and never fail. Price for one month's treatment, $2; or three months' medicine, $4. Warranted.

COMPLEXION WAFERS GIOVANNANI'S—ARSENICAL—Bleach the skin, develop the form. Harmless. Permanent in effect. Warranted. Price $1 a box, or six boxes for $5. Address MADAME GIOVANNANI, 396 King Street West Toronto, Ont.

LADIES' JOURNAL Bible Competition,

No. 25.

A Wonderful List of Rewards Arranged in an Equitable Manner.

SEND NOW!! DON'T DELAY!!!

The twenty-fifth competition opens more popular than ever. There are few dissatisfied competitors; some would not be pleased if they were to get a piano every time. Over thirty-seven thousand persons have voluntarily testified as to the value of the rewards and the fairness with which they have been distributed.

This competition will only remain open till the thirty-first day of March inclusive, but the sooner you send the better, although your opportunities for securing a reward are almost at good one time as another between now and the thirty-first of March provided your answers to the questions are correct. ALL THESE PRIZE WILL BE GIVEN SURE, but don't run away with the idea that everybody who competes is sure to get a prize. Every prize offered *will be given, if that you may be absolutely certain,* but remember, first come first served in each of the three divisions, so hurry in your answers.

The questions are as follows:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found, DEEP, HIGH, WIDE.

To the first person sending in the correct answer to these questions will be given number one of these rewards—the piano. To the next person, one of the sewing machines, and so on till all these rewards are given away.

FIRST REWARDS.

First, One Fine Upright Piano	$500
Next three, each a fine Family Sewing Machine, $50	$150
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50	$250
Next three, each a Fine Triple Silver Plated Tea Set (4 pieces) $50	$150
Next twenty-one, each a set of Dicken's Works, Beautifully bound in Cloth, 10 vols., $20	$420
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Hanley, England	$250
Nex five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported, $40	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works bound in cloth, 5 vols, $15	75
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Dore Bible Gallery, $5	90
Next One Very Fine Toned Upright Piano	$650
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch $50	250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, $7	105
Next forty one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, "Asking a Blessing"	82
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols, $20	480
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash	$20
Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book.	49
Next eleven, five dollars cash	55
Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7	119
Next twenty-nine, each an imitation steel engraving of "Asking a Blessing," $1	29

To the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last will be given the one hundred dollars in cash. To the sender of the next correct answer following the middle will be given one of the ten dollar amounts, and so on till all the middle rewards are distributed.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash	$100
Next five, each $10 in cash	50
Next fifteen, each a Superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, $15	225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements $60	420
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Milton's Paradise Lost, $7	133
Next one, an Elegant Upright Piano by celebrated Canadian Firm	$500
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Popper Cruet, new design	55
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service, (4 pieces) $40	200
Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Napher's Medical Book, $2	50
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, $15	165
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash	$20
Next seven, a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, $7	49
Next eleven, five dollars in cash	55
Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7	119
Next twenty-nine, each an imitation steel engraving of "Asking a Blessing," $1	29
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Hanley, England	$250
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported, $40	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works, bound in cloth 5 vols, $15	75
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Dore Bible Gallery, $5	90

For those who are too late for any of the above rewards the following special list is offered, as far as they will go. To the sender of the last correct answer received at LADIES' JOURNAL office postmarked 31st March or earlier, will be given number one of these consolation prizes, to the next to the last, number two, and so on till these rewards are all given away.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash	$100
Next five, each $10 in cash	50
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at $15	225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements $60	420
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Milton's Paradise Lost, $7	133
Next, One Very Fine Solid Triple Silver Plated Coffee Urn	50
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch $50	250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7	105
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, $2	82
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols, $2	480
Next one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm	$500
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Popper Cruet, new design	55
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40	200
Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Napher's Medical Book, $2	50
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, $15	165

Each person competing must send One Dollar with their answers, for one year's subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been greatly enlarged and improved and is in every way equal at this price to any of the publications issued for ladies on this continent. You, therefore, pay nothing at all for the privilege of competing for these prizes. You will find the JOURNAL well worth the money leaving the rewards out of the question entirely. The Bible study necessary to find the answers to the questions will not harm you and may benefit you not a little.

The distribution will be in the hands of disinterested parties and the prizes given strictly in the order letters arrive at the LADIES' JOURNAL office. Over 255,000 persons have received rewards in previous competitions. Address, Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

BRISTOL'S PILLS

THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY

For all Affections of the

LIVER & KIDNEYS

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

The Pills Purify the Blood, Correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

The Ointment Is an infallible Remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers, is famous for Gout and rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal. For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival, and for Contracted and Stiff Joints, it acts like a charm.

MANUFACTURED ONLY AT

Thomas Holloway's Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., late 533 Oxford St., London

And are sold at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s.6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each box or pot, and may be had of a Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

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LEADING SYSTEM OF THE DAY.

Drafts direct on material without paper or patterns. Covers the entire range of work, easy to learn, can be taught thoroughly through the mail. Large inducements to agents. Send for illustrated circular.

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A Bargain Day now every day. A consignment of Fine Albums we are ordered to put on sale at prices that will make them sell. Take advantage of it—8c., worth 25c.; 10c., worth 30c.; 12c., worth 35c.; 23c. and 24c., worth 70c. and 75c.; 35c. to 49c., worth $1 to $1.50, and so up to $1.99 for one worth $5. These include both fine Plush and Leather Goods. Plush Autograph Albums from 15c. to 29c., worth from 40c. to 75c. Also a consignment of large beautiful Wax Dolls, worth 75c. to $1. We have fixed the price at 24c. The centre tables of our store will have a Bargain Day every day for some time to come. This has been a disastrous year for business. Many failures and the selling of goods at prices without reference to cost of making or value, in times like these our stores are looked to furnish relief to those in distress. If you understood it you would not wonder, as some do, how we can make one dollar buy more than two buy elsewhere.

WM. H. BENTLEY & CO.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.